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# World Review

INCORPORATING REVIEW OF REVIEWS

EDITED BY EDWARD HULTON

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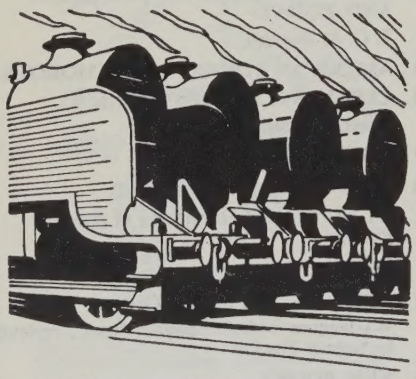
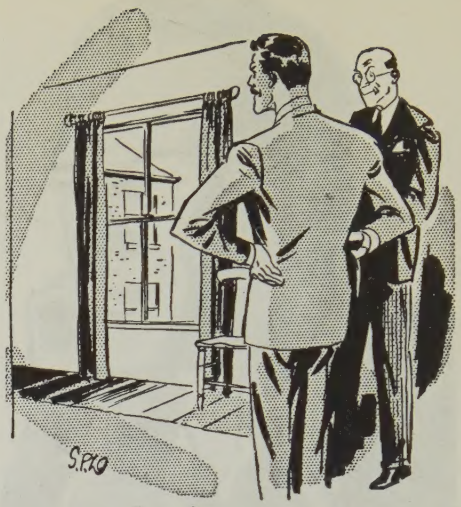


**THE RAILWAYS ARE GETTING BACK TO NORMAL**

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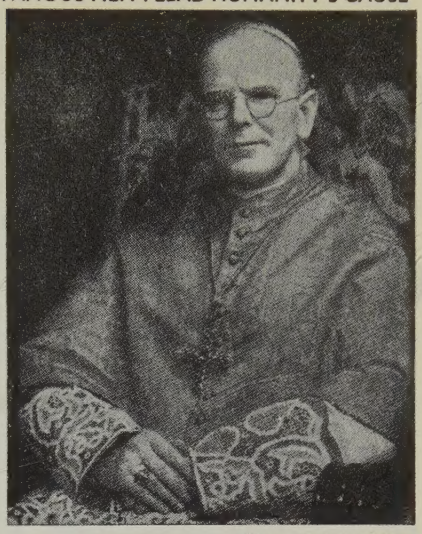
**FAMOUS MEN PLEAD HUMANITY'S CAUSE**



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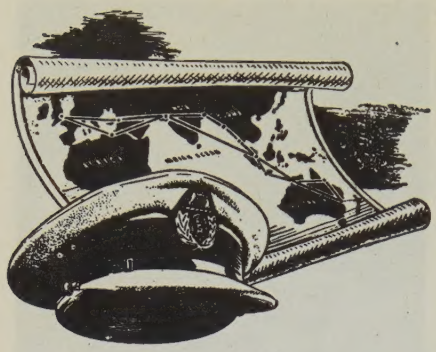

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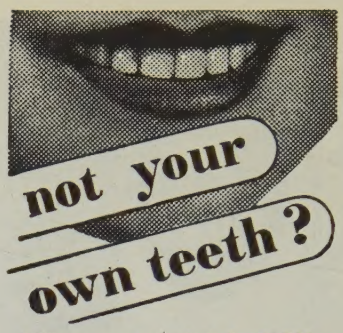


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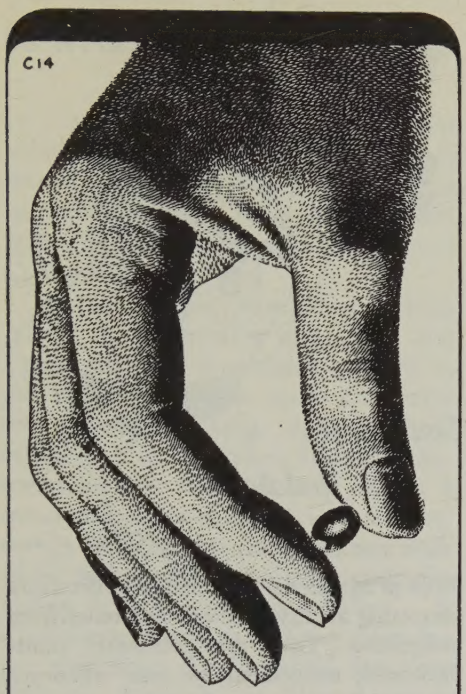


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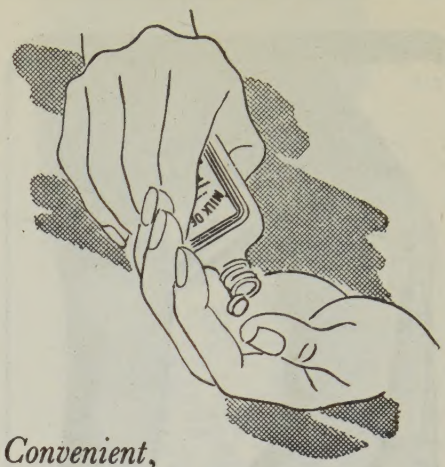

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# THINKING ALOUD

## EDWARD HULTON

### COAL COMFORT!

It's coal or coalition! There have for some weeks now been persistent rumours that Labour Ministers have been in negotiation with Conservative leaders, with a view to fixing up some form of Coalition Government.

The Conservatives have, of course, been talking in this way for some time. But I personally was very much inclined to put this talk down to mere Conservative wishful thinking, since, without coalition, it is not evident how the Conservatives can ever get back within a measurable space of time. It is, moreover, certain that very few citizens in any walk of life feel at present any enthusiasm for voting 'the straight Tory ticket'. 'A Coalition of forces to save the nation'—put that way, people would feel very different. Especially as there do exist, rightly or wrongly, large numbers of people who remain unconvinced of the merit of political parties, as such, and would like to see a get-together for its own sake. Be that as it may, the position seems changed at the time of writing. There is little doubt that some Labour leaders have been thinking anxiously as to the advisability of forming such a coalition before 'H.M.S. Britannia' sinks with all hands.

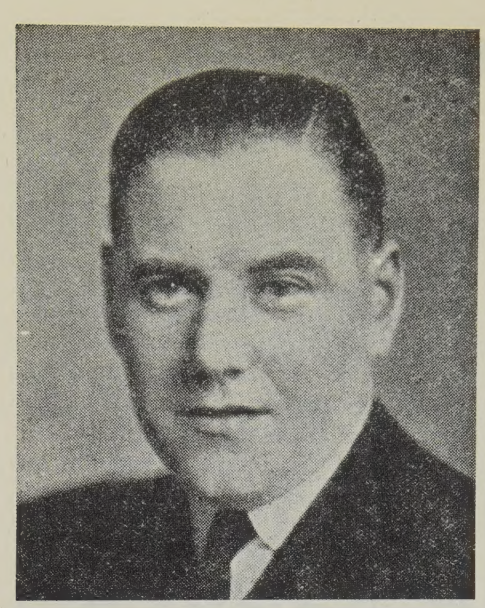
It has even been rumoured that the negotiations reached an advanced stage some weeks ago, when certain of the relevant letters were shown to T.U.C. leaders at an inconvenient moment by an eminent person, thus quashing all further discussion for the nonce.

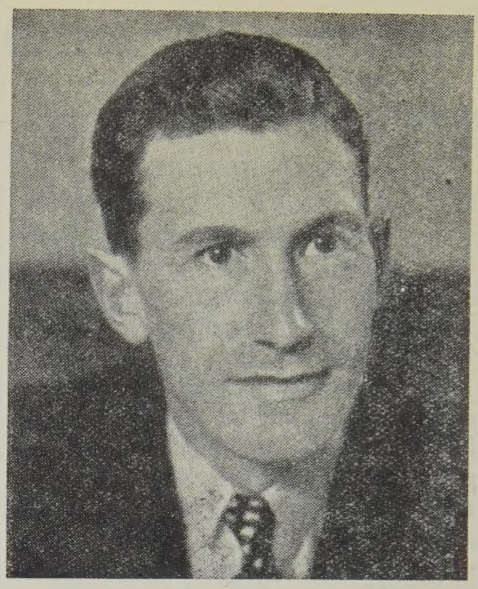
At first sight, the idea of coalition seems unlikely. For the Labour Administration continues to enjoy the almost undiminished confidence of the electors, as the Borough elections went some way to show. Sovietland is, in fact, the only difficulty which springs to the eye. There exist, however, far more perils than may appear upon the surface. The electors are satisfied with the Government, because they do not yet realise the dangerous situation of British industry and trade. They still subsist in a fool's paradise—or rather a Socialist prophet's paradise to come. 'Rationing and shortages are unpleasant. But they will soon all be over, and we shall enter the Promised Land in a year or so, and the Promised Land will flow with milk (and beer), and honey (and steaks).'

### BRITISH TRADE MENACED

The underlying facts, which do not actually lie so very far under the surface, and which are easy to discover after the minimum of research, happen to be otherwise. Far be it from me to prophesy that this country is permanently (or even temporarily) doomed. It must be the heartfelt wish of every citizen, of every political complexion, from motives of self-interest as well as from natural patriotism and love of country, to wish the opposite. Certainly no party, faction, business interest, or individual stands to gain by British ruin.

Yet the position is grim. There is, of course, first the unabated aggressiveness of Soviet policy, and the possibility of war, in which war atom bombs and other scientific improvements may be thrown about. Yet I doubt if this is really the most troublesome, or really the most immediate, peril in the minds of Labour ministers. Because, although there has been a fair schimozzle with Zilliacus, and other 'fellow travellers', both in the





*Ernest Bevin's two able young assistants.* (Left) HECTOR McNEIL, *former Glasgow journalist, now Minister of State.* (Right) MAJOR CHRISTOPHER MAYHEW, *only 33, new Under-Secretary at Foreign Office. 'Fellow Travellers' have made a disgraceful attack upon the Foreign Secretary*

Parliamentary Party and in the rank and file of the T.U.C. at Brighton and elsewhere, yet Ernie and Hector have remained seated pretty firmly in the saddle; and the difference has been largely between those in office and in the know, and those not so placed.

The mere process of acquainting more and more of the rank and file with the true facts of life, especially as they apply to present-day international affairs, must have its effect on sensible British working men; leaving behind only a hard core, or rather a species of 'soft corn', of masochistic sentimentalists. Also, H.M. Government is supported, though it is sometimes temporarily embarrassed, in its foreign policy by the pretty solid support of all other parties. Indeed, it is an ancient maxim that in days of peril from abroad this country is safest with a Left Wing administration; if only because such a government can always get the backing of the other Parties. Therefore if war, which Heaven forfend! ever came with Sovietland, I do not think that the Government would lack adequate support. I do not seriously believe that there would be any question of the people being 'not willing to fight'. And I do not really consider that 'on the night' the number of Fifth Columnists would be found to be unduly large.

What I suspect is worrying Ministers far more is the immediate future of British industry and British trade; and Mr. Attlee, during the first 'normal' festivities of the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House, found it necessary to strike a new note of pessimism during the party.

Ministerial policy at the moment takes almost the sole form of exhorting the people to labour harder, accompanied by suitable, or unsuitable, posters carrying this unwelcome message. The fact happens to be, however, that, as the *Economist* points out, the people, after their efforts during the war, and the many exhortations issued during that

time, are completely sated with admonitions of this description.

### THE COAL FAILURE

ACTUALLY there are three basic troubles in this country, as opposed to mere superficialities and symptoms. These are, the shortage of manpower; the shortage of fuel; and the shortage of United States dollars. Neither will the shortage of manpower now be much relieved by demobilisation from the armed forces. As far as fuel is concerned, it has now become all too hideously clear that *the Government has no policy* which can increase the supply of coal this winter, or next.

It is a little shocking that after having shrieked for half a century or more that they should get possession of the coalfields, after the lapse of a few months the Government is now turning aside, and suggesting that coal is not so important after all, and that industry should be converted to the use of oil. One is reminded of the late Queen Marie Antoinette, when she was alleged to have stated that, since the people could not get bread, they should eat cake.

The American Loan is getting rapidly eaten up. It was, as I have always said, a weak blunder. Because, for all our independent struttings, it has placed us under the control of American economists, if these persons can be dignified by such a name. And if the United States is soon going into another slump, or 'recess', as they so elegantly term it, our much-vaunted export drive may be halted, even before it has gone half way.

The National Income may soon be too small to support the new Social Services, plus plans of reconstruction. Even the existing standard of living is gravely threatened. If the export drive fails, it will soon become impossible to import a wide range of raw materials, and foods, from abroad.

It is no use nursing further plans of 'taxing the rich'. Apart from the very doubtful value of further discouraging the leaders of industry at such an awkward moment, the further amount which would be raised would now be negligible, for the recipients, if not quite for the 'donors'.

The sole remaining hope, of course, is to increase production—to increase the productivity of each worker. The real trouble is that, with the present Government, there exists neither the inducement to work hard nor the penalty for working badly, for either employer or employee. Employers are not encouraged either by the present weight of taxation or by the pettifogging filling-up of forms. And the race of energetic middle-class business men, who were wound up to work regardless of reward, is rapidly dying out. So that the position will get gradually worse.

Neither is Nationalisation any remedy for this. Whatever its ethical merits, it

EMANUEL SHINWELL, *the new Marie Antoinette! Since there is now less coal than ever, the Government says, 'Use oil!'*

is highly unlikely, for many years at any rate, to make British industry more efficient, more cheap, or more adventurous.

### EVIL OF CLOSED SHOP

THE workers, for their part, suffer from a most foolish wage system, or rather lack of system. As things are, minimum guarantees are so high that there is little urge to earn more. Once more, the present system of P.A.Y.E. achieves the same undesirable result. Incidentally, it is considered that Dr. Dalton's increases in the Surtax lost him much more Revenue than he gained.

Again, productivity is held back by trade union restrictions which forbid the use of the modern mechanisation which we must possess in order to be saved. Of course, where modern machinery of this type is installed employers must be made to share the new benefits with the workers.

Finally, the 'closed shop', known as 'monopoly' when applied to employers, especially press proprietors, is certain death to British industry's chance of survival. Both restrictive, price-fixing Employers' Associations and monopolistic Unions are poison ivy. The Government of the day must summon up the courage to damn and blast them all!

Another odd thing about present-day Government controls (very many of which are absolutely necessary—and the American Republican Party threaten to go quite mad) is that the splendid system achieved, after ghastly growing pains, during the war, when Britain became perhaps the most efficient industrial country, seems in the first years of peace to have literally disintegrated. What I mean is that during the war it was, at long last, arranged that *one Government Department* should be designated as responsible for each activity; and its consent carried with it the consent of all the others. Why have we gone back now to the old game of overlapping? Or sometimes 'not lapping' at all? Why the farce of the 'building drive', where there are at least eight 'drivers'?

At this moment of industrial danger we are unfortunately faced with one of the paradoxes which exist in the Socialist case. For Socialism is, through Nationalisation, supposed to spell greater efficiency. Yet it carries within itself, subconsciously at least, the belief that factories and plants, like country mansions, are the mere toys of the wealthy classes. Thus the peevishness of contemporary cooks and domestic workers has been carried into the industrial field. Will it be possible to tell the British worker now that Peace, though it may not mean blood or tears, does mean sweat, if this country is going to compete with the *best* which America, and other foreign countries, including no doubt Japan, in respect of cotton goods, can deliver? Moreover, is it possible for the message to be given by a Government consisting solely of Labour Ministers? There lies the main problem for today.

There can now be little doubt that one of the important factors in lack of incentive is the extremist export policy of which Sir Stafford Cripps is the champion. Exports there certainly must be. Yet a psychologist would have realised that the first thing was to give the people something of the fruits of their victory. In this respect the Government has suffered from a woeful lack of imagination. From a strictly economic point of view no doubt the present export policy has been justified, and the *Economist* supports it. In this case I must disagree with this admirable journal. Once again, with all his ability and well-meaningness, it is permissible to wonder if it is really sensible to have a vegetarian teetotaller in charge of a

country which won supremacy by eating beef.

The *Economist* has also recently said that we could spare more of our rations for Germany! Again I am afraid, No! My sympathy for the Germans is great, and the *Economist's* German policy is proving to have been right in general, though perhaps it did not go quite far enough. For example, is it really necessary to occupy Germany at all? Yet to reduce our rations further? Enough said about such a patently idiotic idea.

### THE ZIONIST TERRORISTS

THE Zionist frenzy is growing apace. Now the Irgun Zvai Leumi and the Stern gang are threatening London. This is a bitter position for the decent type of Jew, who is likely in the end to suffer from unfortunate repercussions of these outrages. If a British woman or child is murdered, it is difficult to conceive what will become of the Jewish community in this country. Now is the very last moment for all good Jews, whether in Palestine, in Britain or in other parts of the world, to come to the aid of order and decency. It is no good Dr. Weizmann and his colleagues in the Jewish Agency saying that they deplore murder. They have got to stop it. Likewise prominent Jewish citizens in Britain, like Mr. Israel Sief, must at once head a Jewish Special Constabulary to put down outrage and murder here. It is time for action.

### 'DEMOCRACY?'

ANOTHER Russian anecdote which is going about, and which is illustrative of the differences between Soviet and civilised attitudes to life. At Paris, Byrnes of U.S.A. is supposed to have called upon Molotov of U.S.S.R. to clear up the many misunderstandings about the blessed word 'democracy'. Byrnes explained, 'When I get back to the United States, I shall probably have dinner at my club; and when I am talking to a few friends over a glass of wine, I shall probably have no hesitation in saying that I think that Harry Truman is an incompetent bungler.' 'Yes,' replied Molotov, 'I can see no difference! When I get back to the U.S.S.R., I shall be driven to the Kremlin to talk with M. Stalin, and the first thing that I shall say to him is that I think that President Truman is an incompetent bungler.' As we say in Grand Opera circles, *Se non e Verdi, e ben Traviata!*

### 'WOMEN'S INTERESTS?'

HOW very odd women writers are in the superior Sunday prints. People like Alison Settle devote columns in the *Observer* to stuff which could not possibly be of any interest to any woman born, least of all to any reader of the *Observer*. What possible significance can readers of that journal attach to the conditions of service amongst Post Office Telephone workers, a group whom I suspect that they cordially detest? There is also an

*The wealthy* ISRAEL SIEF. *Heading the new Jewish Anti-Terrorist Constabulary*

excruciating series of the most boring and fatuous details of the position of the shoe trade. This seems to have been a 'hand-out', as the same stuff appeared also in the *Sunday Times*.

* * *

The police force is failing utterly; and this is the moment that the 'officers' have selected for asking for increased pay. The farce of the robbing of the Windsors was only surpassed by the greater farce at St. James's Palace. It is a wonder that we bother to pay the police rate at all. 'Officers' would be well advised to devote less of their valuable time to poker players and other criminals of that description; and to spend less time on teaching children how to cross the road, a service which should be performed by school-teachers and parents. The British police are certainly no longer wonderful.

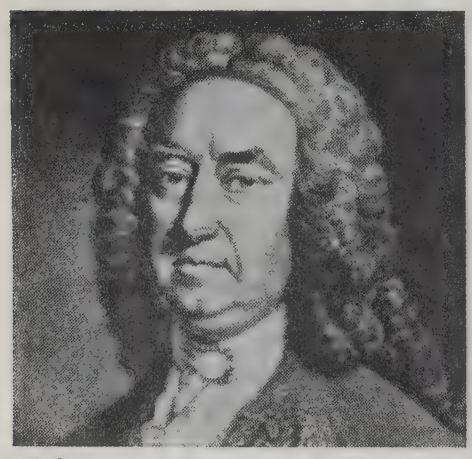
### NASHING

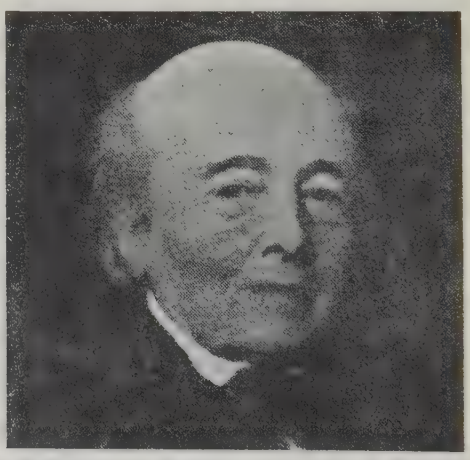
I WAS startled during the weekend when I opened a copy of *Interiors*, a well-got-up U.S. illustrated journal on household interiors and industrial design, for September 1946, price 50 cents, telephone number Vanderbilt (N.Y.) 6–2954; printed on the thickest and choicest of art paper; 152 pages, of which 90 are ads. A large article was devoted by Francis de N. Schroeder, contributor, to our old friend Rosa Lewis of the Cavendish Hotel, Jermyn Street, plus a picture proving how very pretty she was in her youth, when she was a cook, complete with a chef's cap and tasting ladle.

The preliminary blurb ends, 'Later we will tell you about Beau Nash, a dancing master and great friend of Royalty, who was responsible for the style that we now call Regency, by attracting the greatest architects and furniture designers in England to the city of Bath'.

Gay amusement turned to cold horror when, consulting the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, also now published since 1899 in U.S.A., I discovered that there is *no mention* of the great architect Nash, though plenty about Nashville, Kentucky.

For the benefit of editors, and readers, of *Interiors*, Richard Nash, who flourished from 1674 until 1762, known as 'Beau Nash', was a semi-Welsh gentleman who became master of ceremonies at Bath, Eng., in 1705, where he reigned until 1745. He certainly 'made' Bath, and had a great influence even upon its architecture—which is not 'Regency' (either British or French). He





(Left) BEAU NASH, 1674–1762, *the 'King' of Bath. Not to be confused with* (right) JOHN NASH, *the architect,* 1752–1835, *who laid out Regent's Park*

*Marble Arch, when it was in front of Buckingham Palace*

must have been one of the first people to refuse a knighthood—because it was not accompanied by a pension. His reign was splendid, owing to his great, if somewhat over-magnificent, taste. He reduced raucous gentlemen to order, by making them wear pumps (after the Pump Room at Bath)—Court shoes for ladies are, I believe, still called pumps in America—instead of outdoor boots in the drawing room. He also dealt firmly with cheeky taxi drivers (or rather sedan-chairman), and even constituted himself a local rent tribunal. He was finally ruined by the hypocritical act abolishing gambling, passed in 1745.

The great architect Nash, 1752–1835, built much of what is most pleasant in London. He laid out Regent's Park, and designed some of the terraces blitzed by Hitler, and now menaced by more domestic breeds of barbarians and vandals. This work he accomplished in 1811. He also proceeded to plan Regent Street, between the Regent's palace of Carlton House and the Regent's Park. He repaired and enlarged Buckingham House, as it was then called, from which his Marble Arch was for some reason moved to Great Cumberland Gate in 1851. He likewise designed the Haymarket Theatre and the United Services Club, amongst many

other fascinating works. The *Dictionary of National Biography* for 1906 (the Philistine year in which I was born) opines, 'his style lacked grandeur, and great monotony was produced by his persistent use of stucco'.

I am ringing up the Georgian Group (which, of course, also deals with Regency) about the omission in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the disturbing state of education in the United States.

## FUTURE OF INDONESIA?

From Col. CHARLES J. PALSTRA, O.B.E., former Paymaster-General, Netherlands Forces; Financial Adviser to Netherlands Ministry of War; and head of Mutual Aid and Lease-Lend Organisation for Netherlands Empire. Now London representative of 'Indie in Nood'

SIR,

I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the very interesting, ably written articles on the Indonesian problem by Miss Barbara Whittingham-Jones, published in the October and November issues of *World Review*. A warm tribute is due to the writer for the conscientiousness with which she has gathered the great amount of information of which her articles bear witness.

If I am allowed to make a few remarks on the subject, these will certainly have no bearing on the substance of the information which Miss Whittingham-Jones has supplied in her articles. However, I am afraid that the fact that events have in several instances not been stated in the chronological order in which they took place, might lead the less informed reader to draw wrong conclusions.

As an example, I may mention that the important statement made by H.M. Queen Wilhelmina, in her speech of 7 December 1942, certainly constitutes one of the most important facets of the 'Background to the Indonesian Problem'. However, no mention was made of this step of the utmost importance in the first article which appeared on the subject.

Furthermore, I feel sure that only the necessary limits of space account for the fact that comparatively little prominence is given to the 'Wilhelmina Plan', and this only in the second article. The far-reaching principles, laid down in this important pronouncement, give an indication of the realistic view the Dutch government in force at the time it was made, and the Dutch people generally, took of the development of the Indonesian part of the Dutch Empire, and of their projects to further the political and administrative independence of Indonesia, within the framework of the empire. It has since then appeared that later governments have in some ways departed from the principles laid down in the Queen's broadcast. How important the present government, however, considers the 'Wilhelmina Plan' to be, may be deduced from the fact that the Dutch division, recently sent out to the Indies, was officially given the name '7th December-Division', thus commemorating the date on which Queen Wilhelmina made her famous broadcast, the spirit of which is still the guiding thought behind Dutch measures to solve the Indonesian problem.

In judging the conduct of Lt.-General Sir Philip Christison, one should bear in mind that this army commander was assisted by Dutch experts and advisers, including Dr. van Mook, and it is important to remember that these advisers as N.E.F.I.S. (Netherlands East Indies Field Intelligence Service) were under the control of the now Lieut. Governor-General throughout the war, and were directed by him.

In conclusion I would like to state that the association 'Indie in Nood—Geen Uur te Verliezen', which was mentioned in the first article on the subject, was established in January of this year, i.e., six months after the defeat of Japan, when—as Miss Whittingham-Jones rightly describes—the greatest possible number of mistakes were being made by the greatest possible number of people.

This state of affairs cost numerous lives and caused the greatest hardship to countless innocent people. The alarm which a great number of Dutch people—especially those, who had spent an important part of their lives in the Indies—felt on this account resulted in support being given to the association by some 20,000 adherents from all over the country. 'Indie in Nood' is backed, not so much by the representatives of vested interests, but mainly by people belonging to the middle-class. This in itself is already sufficient to refute the idea that the association is purely imperialistic.

# FOREIGN AFFAIRS Monthly Comments (XVII)

## SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THIS has been an autumn of elections—mid-term elections in the United States, in France the first elections under the new Constitution, municipal elections in Germany and Italy.

It is easy to be owlish wise, particularly within a few days of the event. But on the whole nothing unexpected has happened—save perhaps in France—and even the French elections fall, on analysis, into a general European pattern.

The American elections are another matter, might have been fought upon another planet. For, however much Americans may fear Russia, the general ideological struggle does not yet directly affect their politics.

Of course, in one way, you may hold that it has always been present in them—by implication. The Federalist Party, that grew one hundred and fifty years ago around the personality of Alexander Hamilton, and whose descendants are the democrats of today, has always stood for a powerful central authority. The Republicans, under the inspiration of Thomas Jefferson, have always stood for State and individual rights against the interference of Washington. But both great parties exist on an assumption of prosperity and an expanding economy. Neither of them has been born of social grievances, nor is particularly concerned with the unequal distribution of wealth. The Horatio Alger hero is still the American ideal. The unpropertied classes still regard the rich man with admiration, are as yet but vaguely stirred by any ambition to destroy him. America, in short, still belongs politically to the last century. Senator La Follette's recent apostasy, after two generations of attempted Socialism, shows us how far off is the birth of a genuine American Labour Party.

In these circumstances, how can the gulf between the two great parties be very wide? The panic of 1929–33 would probably have forced whomever was in power to adopt some form of New Deal. 'The Devil was sick. . . .' No doubt, too, the personality of Roosevelt, one of the great Liberal reformers of our time, counted for much in the matter.

The fact is, Socialist, or at least Radical, policies were adopted by a great man in a great crisis, with no solid body of Radical opinion behind him, but only a flock of frightened sheep. The crisis and the great man alike have disappeared. The Horatio Alger world of material success and easy money has come back. True, every American talks of another slump as a foregone conclusion, but I suspect he regards it as a contingency no less remote than his own inevitable death. Meanwhile there is much hay to be made under a shining sun. What reason then for the New Deal to continue, except the enthusiasm of that unfashionable group of Left-Wing Democrats led by Mr. Wallace—the section of the party which has been most severely mauled in the elections?

### 'UNFETTERED ENTERPRISE'

The Republican victory was, then, a victory for unfettered enterprise against planning. America, in short, has decided—rather as did China in the sixteenth century—on an attempt to arrest her social development in the middle of a rapidly changing world. It will be interesting to see how the experiment goes. It may also be profitable to consider how it may affect, and how much it may cost, other countries.

It was the dream of Mr. Churchill, and of many like him, that the 'two great Anglo-Saxon democracies' in permanent harmony should

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE *has recently given up his Socialism*

dominate the world and preserve its peace. But long before the war had ended, it became perfectly obvious to the most casual observer that our two countries were sailing on economic courses widely divergent. The victory last year of the British Labour Party filled the American business world with misgiving, and strengthened opposition to the Loan. There might well have occurred a great drift apart in our foreign policies—but for one factor, the indiscretions of Soviet Russia. It is the Russians who at present are the cement in the structure of Anglo-American unity. The Republican victory is bound to increase the strain on that structure, however much we may talk of a bi-partite foreign policy; for rival philosophies inspire us. But so long as Russian imperialism threatens our two systems, the State Department and the Foreign Office will no doubt remain on cordial terms. Should Russian pressure suddenly relax, should Monsieur Stalin's Sybilline utterances of the past few weeks really presage a change in Soviet policy, then, very possibly, the Anglo-American partnership may dissolve.

I do not wish, however, to suggest that the foreign policy of the United States will then be committed into the hands of the *Chicago Tribune* and the noisier anti-British elements in the Republican Party. I only wish to remind the readers of *World Review* that in the present temper of American opinion, and with powerful Jewish forces whipping up emotions over Palestine, we can no longer perhaps count upon American friendship as the basis of our foreign policy.

As far as the needy Continent of Europe is concerned, the Republican victory merely confirms a tendency already unfortunate. The American people had determined upon the abolition of price controls. Several months ago, food prices began to rise. This rise, plus American shipping strikes, inevitably decreases the volume of American food for Europe. Nor does America's rejection of Sir John Boyd Orr's 'World Food Board' help matters.

## ANOTHER SLUMP FATAL!

There is one more point to be considered in connection with the American elections. Bretton Woods and the terms of the Loan have tied us fairly tightly to the American economy, for all our philosophic divergencies. The consequences of another slump in Western Europe would, I believe, be absolutely fatal to our civilisation. The only way we can defend ourselves against totalitarianism—whether Communist or neo-Fascist does not matter much—is by proving to the world that our own relatively Liberal system does *work*. If it breaks down again, we will not be given another chance—and the war might as well never have been fought. It behoves us, therefore, to watch the American scene with unrelenting vigilance, and to do everything in our power to buttress our economy against any shocks that may come from the West.

## COMMUNIST DANGER IN EUROPE

Now for the European elections. Very soon after the 'liberation' it became clear that the various Continental Communist Parties, outside Russian Europe, enjoyed a strength in almost direct proportion to the remoteness of the Russian armies. The lands on the new Russian frontier—Austria and Western Germany and Greece first felt the anti-Communist revulsion: Italy followed suit, then Belgium; last June it seemed as if France were going the same way.

The contrary seems to have happened in the recent French elections. However much we may talk of abstentions (some eighteen per cent of the electorate) and of dissensions on the Right, the fact remains that the Communist vote is up by half a million on last June, and that the Party is now the strongest in France for the next five years. The trouble, of course, comes in a large measure from the Black Market, with its gross social inequalities that Monsieur Bidault's M.R.P. has never tackled with proper courage: from the intervention of General de Gaulle; and from the divided counsels of the French Socialist Party. Meanwhile the happy tendency of recent Assemblies to split themselves into three main parties has been arrested. It looks as if the Fourth Republic will know as many factions and political combinations as delicate and ingenious as ever poisoned the declining years of the Third Republic.

If there be any other trend, apart from a factional, in the French elections, it is towards a concentration of power on the extreme Left and the extreme Right. The Union Gaulliste and the Conservative factions have, in their way, done quite as well as the Communists. France, it would seem, has no use for moderation at the moment; and one is driven to wonder whether the stage is not being cleared for a final struggle between General de Gaulle and the Communists. There is less talk than there was a few months ago of civil war or a further devaluation of the franc. But the gulf between the middle classes and the workers is widening, just as it widened one hundred years ago, before the rising of 1848. Moreover, nowadays the countryside is no longer solidly Conservative. We cannot therefore dismiss the

*A Parisian, with the inevitable (?) bread, votes on 10 November*

possibility of a violent Left-Wing phase in France, with consequent embarrassment even to a Socialist Government of these islands: or, alternatively, of a France being seriously distracted by a struggle for power between Left and Right. In any case, the prospects for anything like a solid and close arrangement between our two countries have not been improved by the election results. Our one crumb of comfort is the new Anglo-French economic agreement.

In Italy, the municipal elections were significant largely for the extraordinary apathy of the electorate. Here lies one of the greatest dangers to free systems. The Communists are blessed with a positive faith, however monstrous. The anti-Communists are tired and disillusioned. Only the close proximity of the Russians—as in Germany—can stir them to action; and even here the victory of the moderate parties at the recent polls may not be a matter for very lengthy rejoicing. For it has almost coincided with the calamity long foreseen in these pages—the almost complete collapse of the victualling machinery for the British Zone.

There is talk of respites, of slight improvements in the situation. The fact remains, our German subjects are not getting enough food even to exist, let alone to begin the work of reconstruction; and there seems very little to be said for the British military administration as a whole. No doubt it is less brutal than the Russian, less interested and venial than the American. But it is almost certainly not of the quality we have a right to expect. It is very unfortunate that administration cannot be taken out of the hands of the soldiers, who with very rare exceptions have but one idea of government—a bureaucracy of the most terrifying complexity.

In Greece the recent changes in the Tsaldaris Government suggest that King George may be one stage nearer the 'broad-bottomed' administration of which all moderate Greeks are said to dream. In Egypt, Sidky Pasha is supposed to be compiling a vast memorandum to prove what a burning patriot he has been in his negotiations with the British. In Persia fresh troubles among the Kurds suggest further damage to a Central Government already far too decrepit. In China, 'Cease-Fires', conferences, civil wars and 'Cease-Fires' again whirl in a wicked spiral across the dusty fields. In East Bengal poverty-stricken peasant murders poverty-stricken peasant for reasons that neither understands.

Never has history seemed more of a 'tale told by an idiot' than in this sombre autumn of 1946.

# THE FUTURE OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY


## RT. HON. R. A. BUTLER, P.C., M.P.,

**Minister of Education 1941–1945. One of the chief brains of the 'Shadow Cabinet'**


THE purpose of this article is to answer two questions:

Will the Conservative Party be returned to Power?

What will the Party do when it is returned to Power?

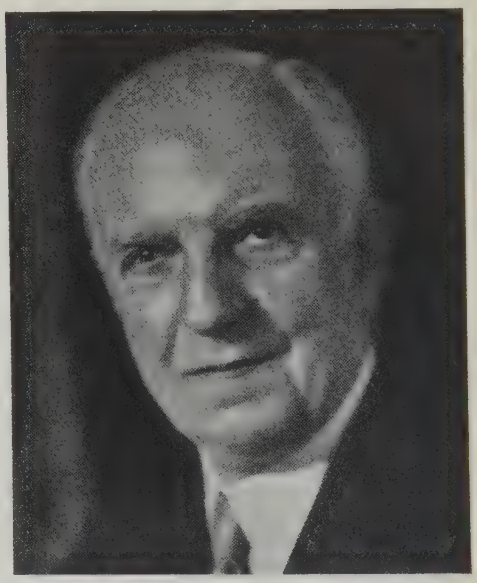
The answer to the first question is, of course, 'Yes'. We intend to prove ourselves worthy of the free choice of the public of this country, to form the next Government. Naturally, the Socialists encourage the view that the defeat of the Conservative Party in 1945 is decisive, and one from which there was no recovery. Some Socialist leaders have talked as if all that remained is to shovel more earth on to the coffin. A few of them believe it even now. They forget that a great political Party, like a well-disciplined army, can quickly recover from disaster. Three years elapsed between Dunkirk and El Alamein, and the British Army that retreated out of Burma in 1942 was well on the way to final triumph two years later. Socialists are apt to forget, too, their own recovery after the much greater landslide of 1931.

As the months go by, our opponents are realising that we are not so dead as they had professed to believe. The spirit and temper of the recent Blackpool Conference has convinced all impartial observers that the vitality of the Party is greater than ever.

Moreover, if we think back a little, it will be recalled that this defeat in 1945 was not the first occasion on which our Party has been apparently engulfed, and that past predictions of our political demise have been completely falsified by events. Dr. Dalton, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said airily in a recent speech that no one wants us back, but I think the Chancellor was whistling to keep up the spirit of his supporters. In his heart he knows full well that such views are like the report of the death of Mark Twain—greatly exaggerated! After the 1906 election the same sort of thing was said, and, to go further back, one recalls the confident prophecy of Sir William Harcourt, the Liberal leader, who in the 'eighties assured his friends that never again would the Tories get a majority in the Commons. Unfortunately for Sir William's reputation as a prophet, the Tories were returned to power within twelve months. Only the very young, or the very naïve, will seriously maintain that a Party with its roots so deep in history, and with its proud record of social reform, can be crippled for long.

Another type of propagandist, with a longer memory, is fond of contending that, while the ultimate return to power of the Conservative Party is inevitable, it will *not* take place at the next General Election. These people point to the experience of the Conservatives after 1906, and that of the Socialists after 1931, as evidence of their contention. They say the Conservatives will undoubtedly pull down the Socialists' majority at the next Election, but the Socialists will still have a sufficient preponderance to enable them to carry on.

I do not agree with that argument. The speeding-up which is so characteristic of modern life also applies to political thinking.



LORD WOOLTON *managed to make rationing popular during the war. Now, as Party Chairman, he is an undoubted asset to the Tories*

HAROLD MACMILLAN, M.P., *who once called Tory Front Bench 'extinct volcanoes'. Long a progressive theorist, as Minister in the Mediterranean during the war, he showed his administrative ability*

## ARE PROMISES A BOOMERANG?

I am certain that the lavish promises made by our opponents will act as a boomerang, and that the increasing tendency in the ranks of the Socialist Party, and among the Left Wing trade unionists, towards the abuse of power has not passed unobserved by the electorate. Citizens are awakening to the fact that the Socialists, whatever the intentions of moderate leaders, will be unable to halt the drift towards totalitarianism. The Party is more and more drifting towards a belief in power for power's sake. The Conservative Party alone can arrest this process.

The unhappy misrepresentations of Conservative policy before the war—misrepresentations which went almost unchecked during the six years of struggle—are now being corrected.

Another factor which I firmly believe will play a part in bringing about a rapid change in the mood of the electorate is the formation of the Conservative political centres, at which Conservatives—or indeed those interested in politics generally—are obtaining far better information of events, and of results flowing from them, than was the case between the wars. The formation of a *corps d'élite* of Conservatives—particularly young Conservatives—who are firmly grounded in the reasons for their faith, is going to be of the utmost value.

During the war the Army Education Staffs, emulating the Cromwellian method, strove to make the soldier know *why* he fought. In the end, every private soldier not only knew why he was called upon to leave home and comfort for the African desert and the Burma forests, but he also understood his own part in every battle. We Conservatives are doing the same thing for our own people, and we believe that all our rank and file, armed with this knowledge, will become propagandists for their faith.

Yet another influence which will help to bring about a rapid revival in our favour is the fact that people are recovering from the mental weariness which followed an exhausting war. Under our present rulers, it is true, peace is almost as trying as war; nevertheless, people are more alert and their feeling of independence and individuality is returning. At the time of the election many were so tired of struggle that they surrendered to a Party which promised the State would be fairy godmother to everyone. They looked forward to a period in which the fairy godmother would make life infinitely easier and more pleasant. That mood has gone; the fairy godmother has proved to be an interfering old hag, as unpleasant as the witches in *Macbeth*. The natural love of freedom and detestation of control for control's sake is asserting itself again.

Many who have hitherto been content to ignore politics, and murmur 'A plague on both your houses', are now realising for the first time that there is a fundamental difference between the Socialists and the Conservatives which they can no longer afford to ignore.

We Conservatives do not forget that the nine millions who voted for us in 1945 were drawn from *all classes* of the community; nearly half of them were people who earned less than £5 a week. We were glad at Blackpool to hear the voice of Youth, confident but not strident. In some quarters among our opponents it is sought to show that Youth in our movement is a rebellious force that is ignored by the older generation. That view is a false one. The vitality of our Youth, coupled with the wisdom and experience of their elders, makes a combination that will take us back to power, and help us to transform this drab and gloomy England into a Merrie England.

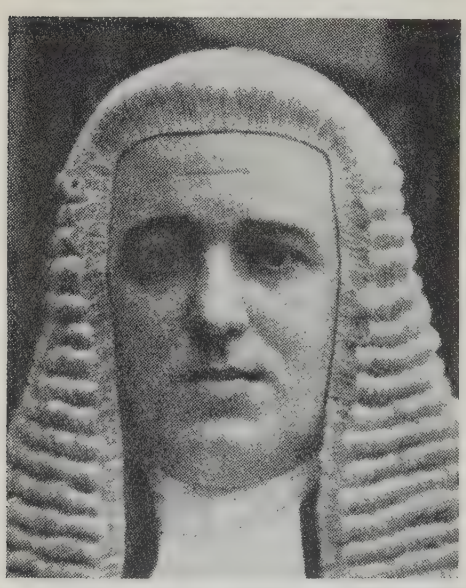
That brings me to the second part of this article: what will the Conservatives do when they are returned to power?

I had the honour to be the chairman of an Advisory Committee on Policy and Political Education which presented a Report to the Blackpool Conference. The approach of that Committee to these problems was the right one.

We realised the anxiety of the public to know of the Party's policy in greater detail, but we were determined to avoid the error of our opponents who at the Election—and since—produced specious and ill-considered proposals. I wonder if the electorate realised the full import of the confession made at the Labour Party Conference at Bournemouth by Mr. Shinwell, the Minister of Fuel and Power. He said, 'Little attention has been paid to the extremely difficult technical and administrative problems which the carrying out of nationalisation involves. We stated our principles when power appeared to be remote. But now that we have gained power, we recognise our limitations and shortcomings in the field of preparation. There has been, I regret to say, very little guidance on details, and so we have had to improvise in the light of existing circumstances.

Since Mr. Shinwell made that astonishing admission, the public has been made aware that, so far as the nationalisation of the iron and steel industry is concerned, the Government does not even know how much of the industry they think suitable for nationalisation. How, then, can we be expected to frame a detailed reply at the moment? We have committees of experts examining all the nationalisation proposals separately, for it is the intention of the Party to examine each industry as a distinct entity. We shall not undo merely for the sake of undoing; our approach will be practical rather than doctrinaire. We have to bear in mind the importance of continuity in public policy.

PETER THORNEYCROFT, M.P., *ex-Chairman Tory Reform Group. Young, energetic, and a master of facts*



SIR DAVID MAXWELL FYFE, M.P., *Attorney-General in Caretaker Government. Outstanding success at Nuremberg. Tough and hard-working Scot. Future Prime Minister?*

## THE CONSTRUCTIVE ALTERNATIVE

It will be our aim to rescue industry as a whole from the uncertainties which have arisen from the undefined and almost boundless powers of interference assumed by the present Government. A Conservative Government would seek to remove the chains which bind industries, in some cases by reasonable modifications and in others by repeal, in the latter case only where the results show clearly that permanent harm is being done to the country's commerce.

We regard the State as a trustee for the community, and a balancing force between different interests. Against the Authoritarian State and irresponsible public boards we put the Democratic State and responsible enterprise, animated by a live social conscience. Today, unhappily, we are suffering from the worst of both worlds. The State threatens private enterprise with extinction, and then cajoles those who still enjoy a measure of personal initiative to come to the aid of the all-devouring State. We are not foolish enough to say that we can go back to the go-as-you-please economics of the nineteenth century, nor do we intend to continue the strait-jacket economics of the Socialists.

Our attitude broadly is that there must be a balance between the State and the individual, central government and local government, the

interests of town and country and between the proportion of a nation's earnings seized by the State and the proportion that remains for industry and the individual. Today the scales are being tipped far too heavily on the side of the State, and Conservatives will restore the balance.

While details of an official Conservative programme on which an Election can be fought must wait until nearer the time, it is possible to summarise some main aspects of our home policy in sufficiently clear terms as to answer adequately those critics who declare no such policy exists.

**Industry and Commerce.** We make no apology for the profit motive. A profit fairly earned is as right as a wage or salary fairly earned. The Socialist theory that the profit motive is immoral was answered two thousand years ago in the Biblical parable of the ten talents, where we are told that the unprofitable servant is cast into the outer darkness. We believe that human nature will give of its best only if full incentive is given to the creative impulse, and if reward follows the performance of good work.

Recently the Conservative Research Department, working under the auspices of the Advisory Committee of which I am Chairman, produced a report on profit-sharing and co-partnership in industry. Mr. Churchill said at Blackpool: 'We seek as far as possible to make the status of the wage-earner that of a partner rather than that of an irresponsible employee. It is in the interest of the wage-earner to have many other alternatives open to him than service under one all-powerful employer called the State.'

DAVID ECCLES, M.P., *has good business experience. Opposes abolition of small trader. Recently made constructive speech on Agriculture*

CAPTAIN A. E. MARPLES, *young Member for Wallasey. Son of a Socialist. A successful builder by trade, he has become a Conservative by conviction*

## ECONOMIC DEMOCRACY

The key to economic democracy lies, not in remote control of industry through nationalisation, but in giving an intimate opportunity to the worker to be associated closely with enterprise, to understand it, to be able to obtain a fair share of the rewards, and to be able to live a full life within the undertaking to which he has devoted the labour of his hands. It follows, then, that we regard a strong and responsible trade union movement as an indispensable part of our industrial democracy, but the 'closed shop' idea and the *forcing* of workers into a Union we look upon as a new form of tyranny. Every Government should have a general economic policy, and the partners in industry should be told by the Government the code of rules under which they can function, but when that is achieved the partners should be allowed to get on with the job with the minimum of State interference.

In our Election programme of 1945 we included a proposal for a tribunal before which certain monopolistic abuses should be brought if they were prejudicial, for example, to the maintenance of full employment, or injured the interests of the consumer. In office we should maintain this proposal and supplement it by drafting a suitable code.

**Property.** We believe in a property-owning democracy, and that is one of the several reasons why Conservatives are opposed to Mr. Bevan's housing plan. We want to see a nation of house-owners, whereas Mr. Bevan prefers a race of council-house tenants. Nothing is more unjust than to regard the owner of property as having 'vested interests' and we advocate the distribution of ownership over the greatest possible number of individuals. We are against State capitalism, and in favour of individual capitalism, spread as widely as possible. We welcome all schemes that enable the worker to own his home and to participate in the ownership of industry, just as we desire to see more tenant farmers become owner-occupiers.

**Employment.** We intend that a high and stable level of employment shall be maintained, combined with fair standards of wages. Difficulties lie ahead as the competitive power of other nations increases. Yet we believe that modern developments of science and technology will ensure that the standard of living can be raised by greater efficiency and work of the highest quality, so that Britain can compete in the markets of the world. All this can be achieved only by maximum production, and for that reason we approve of schemes giving workers a direct incentive to increase their output.

**Social Reform.** The measures of social reform, security and education put into operation or projected by the present Government are the fruit of the Churchill Government, and we would continue along these lines, ensuring that new services develop naturally out of the old, and avoiding sudden breaks with tradition and practice which create bitterness and resentment. For instance, so far as the Health Service is concerned, we would make it possible for the doctor to remain the servant of the patient and not become a State official—we would save the Voluntary Hospitals.

The two great *Education* Acts of the present century both bear the Conservative stamp, and we should build on these structures, putting the emphasis on quality.

**Agriculture.** We must ensure a fair and lasting policy for ensuring good prices for agricultural products, so that a proper and dignified level of wages may be paid to the most skilled of all professions, the Farm Worker. We should extend research, education and afforestation, and improve facilities for electricity, water and sanitation. Also we should pay especial attention to rural housing, a matter which Mr. Bevan has neglected. We should endeavour to balance the different interests of town and country, for unless such amenities as light, water, electricity and good housing are shared between town and country, Britons will continue to flock to the towns.

**Taxation.** Both taxation and national expenditure must be curtailed. Much could be done in the latter direction by ridding the State of duties better carried out by individual enterprise. The number of State officials might well be reduced without loss of efficiency—the personnel regarded as redundant would easily be absorbed into civil life. At present, as fast as temporary civil servants are released from the Service Departments they are taken into other State Departments, and the unhealthy fact is that the number of Civil Servants exceeds either the number of miners or agricultural workers.

We should have to take drastic steps to avoid inflation, particularly as we dislike seeing the savings of the thrifty dwindle. Two essential steps would be taken to ensure that national expenditure does not exceed the yield of taxation and to produce goods in sufficient quantity for the public to buy in the home market. A Socialist junior Minister recently complained that British people go to Switzerland and buy British goods exported to that country. It does not require much thought to see how this could be avoided.

I cannot imagine that there is much doubt in the public mind about our future policy in **Foreign Affairs.** We are wholeheartedly in support of the United Nations, and we believe that we must maintain adequate armed forces, both to defend our Commonwealth and Imperial interests and to carry out our world-wide commitments.

No successful attempt can be made at present to define policy in all its aspects, but the above may help as a guide. What is vital is that we are inspired by the spirit of a 'Come Back'. No one present at Blackpool could have failed to be impressed by the upsurge of vitality in that greatest—in point of numbers—of all Party Conferences. The 'dead and coffined' Conservative Party was patently very much alive, young in mind and fact, and forward looking. We are under no illusions about the hard work, the delving down into the foundations of our political and industrial life which has to be done if the renascence of Blackpool is to be maintained. The age of dilettante politics is gone—dead as the Dodo, and the influence of the Dukeries. We are today engaged in hammering out a new industrial Charter, a new approach to the relationship between State and individual, and between Government, employer and employee. Our new Conservative Party is on the move: our new Tory democracy is stirring. In the time ahead the world will see which way we are going.

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# NUREMBERG IN HISTORY

**JOHN MAUDE,** son of Cyril Maude, the actor, and eminent K.C. Conservative M.P. for Exeter

THE school-children of the future, both in Great Britain and the rest of the world, will undoubtedly find something in their history books about the Great Trial at Nuremberg. What will they find that the historians have considered worthy of record for mankind?

This is a question which it will be well to try to answer now, in order to avoid missing the implication of the present. The philosopher, Santayana, has warned us that 'those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.'

It seems hardly likely that the grim record of the execution of the leading criminals will be hailed as a complete deterrent to potential makers of war. To assess the relationship of Punishment to Crime is infinitely difficult, and those who have not given careful thought to the problem are always falling into the error of thinking, and vociferously asserting, that fearful punishment meted out to evil-doers is a sure and sound way of protecting humanity.

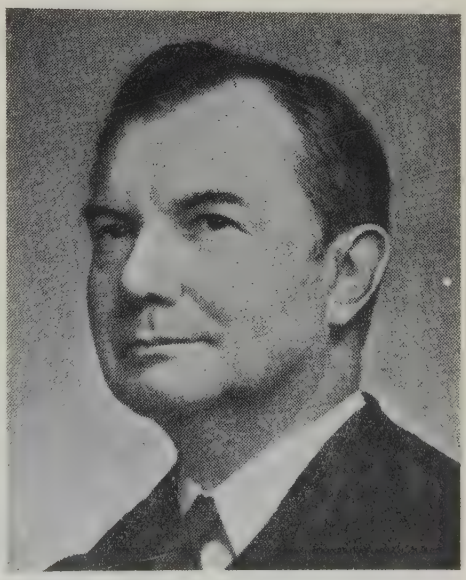
Within the last few weeks we have been able to read, in certain newspapers, the ghastly details of the scenes upon the scaffolds. Indeed, certain newspapers have gone further, and it has been possible to recoil in horror from a detailed account of the American hangman's reactions to the prospect of carrying out the executions, and his pleasure in performing this most loathsome of human tasks. Such things are likely to revolt the ordinary Britisher who is inclined to be interested in just trials and just condemnations, but not in revolting details of judicial execution.

### DEATH NO DETERRENT

If anyone is inclined to think that a gruesome death of a murderer is a sovereign preventive of similar happenings, it is useful to remember the case of Robespierre who had hundreds of ghastly executions as part of his beastly record, and who died upon the scaffold in his turn. The facts of his execution are well known and should have been familiar to the Nazi murderers; the following quotation is from Sir Archibald Alison's History of Europe. 'They were bound by ropes to the benches of the car in which they were seated, and the rolling of the vehicle during the long passage, which was through the most populous quarters of Paris, produced such pain in their wounds that they sometimes screamed aloud . . . Robespierre's forehead, one eye, and part of the cheek, were alone seen above the bandage which held up the broken jaw . . . When lifted up to be tied to the fatal plank, the executioner tore the bandage from his face; the lower jaw fell upon his breast, and he uttered a yell which filled every heart with horror. For some minutes the frightful figure was held up, fixed to the board, to the multitude; he was then placed under the axe, and the last sounds which reached his ears were the exulting shouts, which were prolonged for some minutes after his death.' And yet these Germans have surpassed the record of Robespierre, and were guilty of almost countless murders of indescribable horror and pain.

Although trial, condemnation and execution may have some deterrent effect upon those who come after, and although all these things are of some satisfaction to the present inhabitants of the civilised world, it would be the utmost folly not to realise that, in the future, war and all its ghastly murders may well be thought worth the risk by those who believe that they will be the victors and not the vanquished.

If there be many of those who believe that



**The Prosecutors:** (1) *Photo by Karsh of Ottawa of Associate Justice* JACKSON, *pictured in traditional style of U.S. Supreme Court*

these just and sordid deaths were likely to frighten possible followers of the Nazi butchers, it must have come as a shock to such people that the wretches were allowed to make scaffold speeches and to have them published to Germany and the world. The future historian may well condemn in the strongest possible terms the fact that the valuable privileges of patriotic speeches in the face of death were handed out so that German apologists can use them to build up a legend and to put the murderers in a false light of national heroism.

It is not conceivable that the historian will fail to point the finger of scorn at those who allowed Keitel to declaim 'I follow my sons. All for Germany', and at those who permitted a record of Frick spitting and shouting, 'Long live eternal Germany!' There will be many Germans who will feel emotionally touched by the account of General Jodl quietly saying, 'I salute you, my Germany.' Goering fully realised the importance of the history books, and although he may have unwisely, from such a point of view, taken the course of suicide, yet he was shrewd enough to exclaim to the American psychologist, 'The death sentence, that doesn't mean a thing to me—but my reputation in history means a lot!'

It is greatly to be feared that one day the history books may show that the memory of twelve million murders in cold blood, for those are the facts, were forgotten by the German people and condoned by them for emotional love of the men of power and fanatical worship of the Reich.

That the Nazis deserved death, and even worse than death, the future citizens of the world will agree, but they may also see more clearly than we do that causes which appear to be full of glittering promise, coupled with the herd instinct at its worst, are calculated to triumph over the warnings which may be found in written or pictorial records of the trial and hanging of a comparatively small group of men.

## COLLABORATION OF FOUR POWERS

There are several matters of profound importance, however, which the historians are likely to note with approval. It is a remarkable achievement that the representatives of Great Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union, and France who were charged with prosecuting the Germans at Nuremberg, in spite of their four different systems of law and the rigidity of thought which is probably the inevitable result of a long legal career, were able to work in amity so that they produced an instrument of international justice which gained world-wide approval, and which worked smoothly. It is probable that to some extent, and the point should not be exaggerated, the cause of international co-operation in other

(2) *Lieutenant-General of Justice* RUDENKO

(3) *Typical-looking French lawyer*—FRANÇOIS DE MENTHON. *He was actually one of the founders of the underground movement,* 'Combat'

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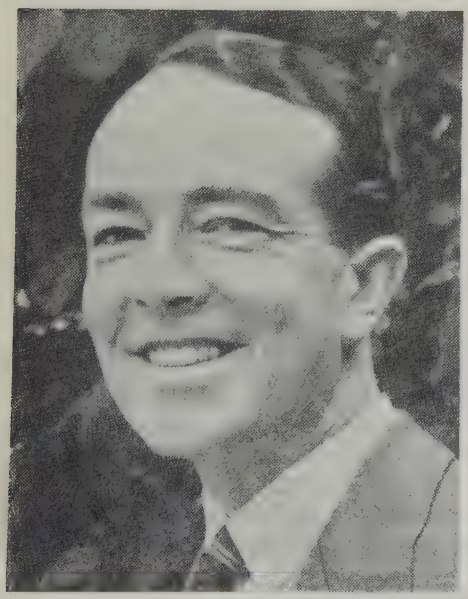
matters was helped by the collaboration and joint experiences of the legal representatives of the Great Powers.

It is also of profound significance for the future that the records of Nuremberg will be found to contain proof, positive and clear beyond all dispute, of the guilt of the prisoners. Hardly any of the documents which were used by the prosecution—not six out of many thousands—were challenged on the grounds of genuineness.

The Tribunal itself not only commanded respect by its conduct of the trial, but it also achieved the complete and declared confidence of the lawyers who appeared for the defence. This is a very great and noble historical fact in the history of Justice. No complaint can be made in the future of lack of fairness or opportunity to state the case for the defence of each one of the defendants, nor can it be said that matters were unnecessarily protracted or hurried.

The presiding Judge, Lord Justice Lawrence, is an Englishman and of that fact, and for all that he has done to maintain our reputation for fairmindedness and love of truth, Great Britain is grateful and full of admiration.

It is very rarely that a long criminal trial comes to an end without some development of an unexpected kind which is often of great interest. Witnesses may produce material which sheds an entirely new light on some aspect of the matter under inquiry; documents may be found to bear an entirely different interpretation in the light of freshly revealed circumstances; all advocates will remember many such instances. This trial at Nuremberg produced an amazing development. Gradually it became clearer and clearer that the object aimed at by the Nazis was not merely cruelty and murder perpetrated against thousands, hundreds of thousands, or millions of Jews, Poles, Czechs and others, but that it was the destruction of whole peoples, utterly and remorselessly. The future historian will draw largely upon the records of Nuremberg to teach future generations this appalling fact which was so clearly demonstrated although well nigh beyond belief.



(4) *Last but not least, Britain's youthful-looking* HARTLEY SHAWCROSS

It cannot be supposed that, after the passage of a century or even less, the names of those who laboured both for the prosecution and the defence will be frequently recorded or even remembered; nevertheless it is within the knowledge of all Judges and all members of the Bar that often the Bench owes much in respect of the wisdom of its decisions to the individual skill and integrity of those who appear as advocates before a tribunal. There is every reason for us, in this country, to feel sure that much hard and intricate work was admirably done by those who represented the British at Nuremberg. This fact may appear at first to have little historical implication, but the traditions of the Bar in this island have been brought into high repute throughout the world by the example of those who have gone before us, and the British lawyers at Nuremberg have maintained and extended that fine reputation in a world court of the highest importance in the history of law.

## WAS IT LEGAL?

While this article was being written, there appeared in various newspapers in this country letters from persons who were questioning the 'legality' of the proceedings at Nuremberg. Such a trial had never taken place before, and to some it appeared that there was no sort of question of 'law' but an arbitrary assumption that such a law existed whereas its existence could not be shown. It has been argued quite sincerely that the whole proceedings were really, if the honest truth be acknowledged, quite 'illegal'. It is in truth a point upon which the technical experts may honestly disagree, but as the years pass by, it is certain in the writer's humble opinion that the trial at Nuremberg will come to be considered as having been a great landmark in International Law. The virtual death of the League of Nations or the absence of any kind of appropriate International Criminal Statute is not

to be allowed to make 'a tale told by an idiot' of the historical and pre-war renunciations of war as an instrument of policy and the declarations by the nations that aggressive war was a crime. Students of the growth of the Common Law of England may find something similar in this new growth of what may perhaps be called the Common Law of the world, our so-called International Law. The man-in-the-street would have been astonished and indignant if it had been said that the declarations of the nations since the last world war were of no account and he would, in the judgment of History, have been entirely right.

It is an achievement of the very highest order that the peoples of this world, through the Court at Nuremberg, have been able to see responsibility for these ghastly murders of astronomical dimensions fixed for all time upon individuals who in the bad old days would have escaped scot free from punishment for aggressive war, unless St. Helena or an even more comfortable exile were to be suggested to a bleeding humanity as proper punishment. Proof has been given to the world that it was those wicked men who were condemned at Nuremberg who were the authors of the world's most ghastly aggressive war, and for what it is worth a new deterrent has been established.

That is the very least that could be done, but the value of the trial in the preventing of wars is quite impossible of accurate calculation. It is, on the one hand, by no means negligible, while on the other hand the present murmurs and threats of war, which are so terribly disturbing, tend to make the history of Nuremberg appear of small significance.

Many men and women think and dare to say that the trial at Nuremberg will soon be forgotten and that there is only one valuable lesson to be learnt from the dreadful record of the evidence. It is this: Prevention of war is not only better than cure. It is now essential; and fear of death by hanging does not ensure prevention of aggressive wars. We must see to it that there are not only World Courts, but something in the nature of a World Parliament, with power to keep the peace! That is the real implication of the Records of Nuremberg.

### THE RED RIBBON

And Ribbentrop, when he died, was a holder of the Soviet's highest order, the Order of Lenin, awarded to him for signing the aggressors' alliance with one of his judges.

*Tidings*

### WHAT PRICE DEFEAT?

When a newsman asked General Eisenhower whether he believed he would have been hanged by the Germans, had the war gone the other way, Eisenhower answered smilingly: 'Such thoughts you have!' A literary wag last week put such thoughts into a political fantasy. Excerpts:

'On October 16, 1946, eleven top U.S. war criminals were hanged in the yard of Moyamensing Prison in Philadelphia. According to the six German, Japanese and Italian newsmen present, all met their fate calmly except J. Edgar Hoover, who was drunk and disorderly.

'The eleven men, convicted on one or both counts of waging aggressive defensive war, or spreading equalitarian doctrines, included Bernard Baruch, close collaborator of the late Franklin D. Roosevelt, General George C. Marshall, former chief of staff; Henry A. Wallace, former Vice President and vicious fascist-baiter; General Alexander A. Vandegrift, former commander of the notorious Marine Corps; Charles A. Beard, democratic philosopher; Ezequiel Padilla, Trojan horse of the Mexican *Anschluss*.'

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*Time*

# FIFTH COLUMN IN OUR MIDST

## ELMA DANGERFIELD

THE earliest 'fifth column' in recorded history is undoubtedly that of the Trojan Horse within the gates of Troy. But the modern designation of such 'partisans' was made by no less a Fascist than General Franco himself in 1936, when he is reputed to have said 'four columns are marching on Madrid, but the fifth is within.'

### GERMAN BRIDES?

One of the most potentially dangerous types of 'fifth columnist' for the future may be the large number of prospective German brides which our men in the Occupation Forces in Germany are said to be acquiring. It has been officially stated that one in three of every British soldier in Germany and Austria has applied for marriage papers. Yet the possible consequences of this appears to have been completely overlooked, both officially and by the public in general. It seems strange when there were originally such stringent official rulings about 'non-fraternisation' at the beginning of the Occupation that now, only a year later, we should accept without a murmur the introduction of some thousands of young Nazi girls into our homes. It may be contended that they have to prove their non-Nazi associations and tendencies, but after a whole people was regimented as were the Germans (particularly the younger generation), it is surely impossible to pretend that all these young German brides were anti-Hitler, and will now become pro-British. Is it not more likely that they will infiltrate their ideas into the receptive minds of their husbands, who no doubt placate their own consciences by convincing themselves that they are healing the wounds of the poor suffering Germans, and helping to build a future peace, cemented with a fusion of British-German blood? Yet it has been proved time and again that blood is thicker than water; and it will be interesting to see how the children of these marriages will be brought up, and how they will be instructed by their mothers about the late war—even more illuminating to see how they will behave in the next twenty-five years if there is ever any resurrection of the Pan-German menace.

### THE COMMUNIST DANGER

Nevertheless, the most actual, and active, 'fifth columnists' in our country today are not the protagonists of our defeated enemies, but the sympathisers and adherents of one of our chief Allies! It has been said that the British by nature are more patriotic about other countries than they are about their own—and it is certainly so today. I scarcely know an Englishman, a Scot or Welshman, who would eulogise about his own country to such a lyrical degree as one has heard them do of late about pretty well every country in the world—except America. That is a curious phenomenon—possibly accounted for by our closer blood-relationship to Americans than to any other peoples, which results in our innate modesty of patriotism when speaking about ourselves or our co-laterals, notwithstanding our fulsome praise of countries, races, and ideologies of which most of us know little or nothing. Possibly it is an inferiority complex, or an *apologia* for our weather—which it is said has driven the large number of Scots abroad who are to be found in the four corners of the earth—or for our present modest standard of living, which we accept uncomplainingly, while every other nation is bitterly decrying its impoverished standard of living, and demanding that we aid and assist them, when in reality *we* could well do with a little assistance and a few 'home comforts' ourselves.

Be that again as it may, there is no doubt that the most eloquent and effective speakers in this country are today not appealing for the improvement of the standard of living of our own people, or supporting the Government in its efforts to raise the general wellbeing of the nation and the Empire, but precisely for the whole lowering of our life to the level of a Communist-totalitarian régime, and the disintegration and disruption of the entire Commonwealth.

I attended one of these meetings the other night—meetings which to my knowledge are taking place all over the country—in which this country and Government (and in fact our whole Dominion and Colonial system of Empire) was held up to scorn and derision by a virulent and impassioned speaker, who extolled the virtues of all other 'democratic' states (always excepting 'capitalistic' America, and other 'Fascist' countries), particularly eulogising the unsullied virtues of Soviet Russia, and the genuine 'socialist democratic' Governments now in power in the countries on her western borders. Although the lecturer spoke in perfect English (with even an Oxford accent), it

was difficult to realise for what country he was speaking, or what was his real nationality. In fact, it was hard to believe that he was not a Russian himself, very properly extolling the virtues of his own country. Frankly, it would have been somewhat of a relief had it been so, for one has so rarely the opportunity today of hearing a foreigner abroad praising his own land. We have grown accustomed—and hardened, perhaps—to unfortunate Poles, Yugoslavs, Balts, Hungarians, Bulgarians, and Rumanians castigating their present Governments' Communistic régimes, which make it impossible for them to return, so that it would have been refreshing to have heard a genuine Russian assuring us that Utopia existed east of the Elbe.

Unfortunately this was not the case. Here was obviously a Briton who spoke of this country's foreign policy as though it was something of which to be ashamed. He said that, unless we changed it and made it part of that world-wide 'democratic' policy now sponsored by the Soviet Union and her 'friendly' Governments, we should have nothing but continuous troubles, such as we have been witnessing in Greece, Persia, and Indonesia.

### GREECE IS THE TARGET

Greece was an ever-recurring topic. The speaker commenced and concluded with it, and even digressed again to it in the course of his lecture. It is palpable that Greece at the moment is the main target of all fifth columnist propaganda in this country—in order to prepare public opinion, no doubt, for any future riots, disorders, or civil war now that the King has returned to Athens. According to this speaker, all British troops should be withdrawn immediately, as he insisted they should be from Indonesia and Persia, leaving the countries themselves to choose what Government they wanted without interference. If one could be assured that such a Utopian practice would really take place, one could agree with the proposal, but, as it is quite clear from past experience that if Britain walks out another Great Power walks in, surely it is incumbent upon us to 'stay put' where we are as long as is necessary.

The speaker also violently attacked the taking over of the Trade Unions in Greece by Government Executives, giving the impression that it was comparable with complete suppression, and never explaining that this step had been taken after the ruling of the Greek *Conseil d'État* which had declared the Communist-elected Executive illegal, and had ordered the handing over of the files and offices to the Government. When this was refused, then the Government stepped in with a Provisional Executive, which has since been recognised at the Conference of the World Federation of Trade Unions in New York, and whose delegates are now attending the Meeting of the International Labour Organisation. None of this was revealed by the speaker, nor were the circumstances leading up to the taking over of the Trade Unions explained. All that was said was virulent invective, not only against the Greek Government, but even more so against the British Cabinet, particularly Mr. Bevin and his handling of our policy towards Greece. The speaker called for complete military and political withdrawal of British influence from that country, when he alleged that all 'democratic' influences in Greece would then be able to collaborate with their adherents in Yugoslavia and Albania. The *naïveté* of this thesis did not appear to be realised by the audience, which consisted chiefly of long-haired, intellectual young men and tousled-headed young women who applauded vociferously every time British policy in Greece was denounced.

### THEN PERSIA!

Our speaker then raised the question of Persia, and audaciously arraigned all the Great Powers, except Russia, for exploiting and threatening Persia's independence and integrity.

He then proceeded to castigate 'British Imperialism', insinuating that we were attempting by force to bring Southern Persia into our sphere of influence. He expatiated at some length on the shocking conditions under which we employed the workers of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, emphasising, however, that at last they were making their demands heard for better wages and living conditions, supported by the now 'friendly' Government in Teheran. The curious thing was that throughout he never referred to previous Russian aggression in Northern Persia, but contented himself with saying that, now that Azerbaijan had gained its autonomy, he trusted that the same would occur in Southern Persia, or in any case that British and American oil interests would not be further exploited at the cost of the unfortunate Iranian workers!

He then passed on to Turkey, Irak, and Afghanistan, where he said he hoped to see 'friendly' governments installed before long, alleging that if we allow the present Fascist régime to continue in those countries—particularly in Turkey—we could expect nothing but trouble. Passing lightly over India, where possibly he found it difficult to attack 'British Imperialism' quite as strongly as elsewhere (although he did not omit to say that we were largely responsible for stirring up trouble between

the Moslems and Hindus), he landed in China. Here he allowed himself to expand at some length. The Central Government of Chiang-Kai-Shek was attacked, and the Americans were accused of aiding and abetting him against the 'democratic' forces in the North. Throughout his speech the Chinese Communists were not mentioned, except as *true* Socialists and Democrats. This was the thesis which he expounded for all countries, such as those in Eastern Europe, where he considered genuine democratic and socialistic régimes were now installed. It was curious, however, that he did not spend much time or evince much interest in these countries, taking their régimes as accepted facts, and showing much more perturbation about the Near, Middle and Far East. When I asked him, somewhat ironically perhaps, if he would not agree that most of these European 'friendly' Governments were in fact Communist-controlled (they holding most key posts in the new governments), he replied that, although there might be one or two Communist ministers amongst them, the Governments themselves were in reality the 'democratic' and 'socialistic' kind with which we should certainly collaborate.

### A THREAT

But he appeared to be uncertain whether our Labour Government—and Mr. Bevin in particular—realised sufficiently the necessity of co-operating, not only with the smaller 'democratic' states, but also with the great 'Socialistic' Power which is supporting them. He ended, therefore, on a threatening note, saying that if American 'capitalism' and British 'Imperialism' did not subordinate and bring their aggressively greedy policies into line with the great 'democratic, socialistic' power of the Soviet Union, then they would find that the whole world was against them.

The subtlety and danger of this dogma need no underlining. However, the most salient fact which emerged from this lecture was that the international Communist today has learned that the word 'Communism' must be expunged from his vocabulary. It must be replaced by the more popular slogans of 'Democracy' and 'Socialism'.

Undoubtedly the more intelligent members of our Government and Labour Party realise this only too well. Unfortunately there are many more gullible elements amongst our semi-politically educated populace who absorb these slogans without knowing their true meaning.

It is essential, therefore, that those who are watching the trend of events should be aware of the poison which is being subtly instilled into the masses through Communist cells all over the country—under the guise of 'real Democracy and Socialism'. This is the 'fifth column' in our midst today, activated by well-trained, and probably well-paid, agents of International Communism, who are working, as always, secretly and underground, only coming into the open at such meetings as the one I attended, when they borrow the catch-words of the genuine Socialist—from whom they attempt to disguise the fact that they themselves are either international Communists, or in any case 'fellow-travellers' towards their Mecca in the North-East.

### THE NEW DEMOCRACY

CONFIDENTIAL instructions issued by the Polish Workers' Party (Communists) give all the details about fighting the opposition in Poland during the pre-election days. Here are the main points of the instructions:

'During the pre-election month the Party should fight against the Polish Peasant Party with all its strength. It should aim to annihilate the propaganda machine of the Polish Peasant Party. Trade Unions, political associations, youth clubs, all Parties belonging to the electoral bloc should mobilise their forces in this fight. This should be done by destroying the centres of the P.P.P. whenever they exist, liquidating the leading personalities and by getting hold of those who are politically and ideologically weak enough to be persuaded to join our ranks. The accusations of "Fascist" and "reactionary" should be repeated again and again, the accusation of co-operation with the underground movement also. . . .'

*Polish Press Agency*

### BODY AND SOUL!

WE ARE £1,675 SHORT. We are, in fact, desperately short this month. We want every penny, every shilling, every pound you can rush NOW. We're yours, body and soul.

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*Daily Worker*

# THE NEW RACIALISM

## WENZEL JAKSCH, the Sudeten Socialist leader

NAZI leaders were responsible for mass deportations without regard for human rights and lives. In fact, this was one of the indictments at the Nuremberg trial. The guilty men ended on the gallows, as was fair and just. Mass deportations are inhuman, barbaric and destructive. Those who have more than a paper acquaintance with this Asiatic method of 'solving' ethnical disputes know that; but it is time to say more. No decent man can condemn mass expulsions carried out by Nazis, and yet approve this method if Allies are in charge. War criminals should be brought to justice. But let us stop the 'Black Market' in justice which dominates the deportation zones of Eastern and South-East Europe.

### 'POTSDAM JUSTICE'

The Potsdam Conference agreed partly on legal and partly on illegal justice. A privileged minority of war criminals received the assurance of a fair trial before an Allied tribunal. But, outside the category of actual war criminals, the Potsdam terms condemned a further twelve million Germans or German-speaking people to deportation, expropriation, internment, or forced labour, without a hearing or any recognised procedure. The 'removal of Germans from Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary' was decreed with the proviso 'that any transfer that takes place should be effected in an orderly and humane manner.' Thus, vast native populations of East Prussia, Pomerania, and Silesia, half a million citizens of the former 'Free City of Danzig', 3.2 million Sudentenlanders, about 750,000 minority Germans from pre-war Poland, and half a million 'Swabians' from Hungary were lumped together. Another half-million 'Swabians' in Yugoslavia were left to Tito's 'mercy'. It is interesting to note that the 'Swabians' from Hungary and Yugoslavia, and the Sudetenlanders, were former Austro-Hungarian citizens, as were the Austrians of South Tyrol. In 1919, more than five million *German-speaking Austro-Hungarians* were compulsorily incorporated into non-Austrian Successor States. With a unique disregard for international law or historic truth, these diverse elements were, at Potsdam, labelled *Germans*. The Potsdam signatories did not care whether these people would have any citizen rights in Germany, nor any place in which to live. Still worse, the relevant part of the Potsdam agreement did not say a single word about the property rights, insurance claims, pensions, or savings of those to be deported, although these people are as numerous as those of Sweden, Denmark and Norway added together. The significant result of these two incompatible aspects of Potsdam justice is that in Western Germany a Nazi can retain his possessions unless he is proved personally guilty of crimes against humanity; meanwhile, in the expulsions zones of Eastern Germany and of South-East Europe, there is wholesale expropriation even of proved anti-Nazis.

### BENEŠ LEADS

In the debate on South Tyrol in the House of Commons, Mr. Bevin made it perfectly clear that the deportation policy was imposed on the Western powers by what is today called the Slav Block. Within this Block Dr. Beneš had a lion's share in instigating this policy. During the war Czech propaganda in London and Moscow offered 'transfer of populations' as a universal cure for the diseases of the European organism. Unfortunately, Hitler had practised this before. This unpleasant similarity did not prevent many Leftist writers from worshipping bigger and better transfer schemes as soon as they had Stalin's blessing. However, in justice to the wartime Governments of the Western powers, one must add that there was never full inter-allied agreement on post-war mass expulsions. In November 1944, the exiled Government of Dr. Beneš put a very mild version of his transfer plans before the European Advisory Committee. This document promised exemptions for about 800,000 anti-Nazis in Sudetenland, and even certain cultural rights for them during the lifetime of the present generation. It was further suggested to the European Advisory Committee that the 'expellees' should be allowed to take most of their movable property and should receive proper compensation for their immovable property out of German reparations. But the Western Powers withheld their consent from even such a 'moderate' expulsion policy. It should be public knowledge that Mr. Eden, then Foreign Secretary, answered the expulsions claims of Dr. Beneš with a polite refusal. In January 1945, the British Ambassador, Mr. Nichols, conveyed a letter to the Czech Government which said in essence that the transfer of large sections of German-speaking

*Sudetens being transported to Germany*

people could not be decided upon without close preliminary study of its effects on post-war Germany. This still unpublished letter reflected broadly the opinion of the Coalition Government. In fact, the mass expulsions originated not in Allied agreement, but in *faits accomplis* which were carefully prepared by Russian-sponsored governments. These *faits accomplis* were later registered in Potdsam. The clause about 'humane and orderly' transfer was merely a face-saving formula. Since then the apologists for these barbaric methods have been eager to call them 'humane', or at least 'orderly'. *A growing guilt-complex prevents them from facing the truth.*

## A NEW APPROACH?

In recent speeches both Mr. Byrnes and Mr. Bevin dissociated Anglo-American policy from the enforced changes of the ethnical structure of East Central Europe. Both underlined the provisional character of the administrative frontier between Germany and Poland as drawn in Potsdam. Mr. Bevin also expressed some apprehensions lest the scene of mass deportations 'became a wilderness from which the Germans have been excluded, but which the Poles were unable to populate' (although the Polish people had the least say concerning the frontiers of their liberated country). Thus the debate on the wisdom of mass deportations is already opened. In the course of this debate emotional arguments in favour of expulsion should be keenly scrutinised. The favourite Czech argument, for example, is that Germans and Slavs cannot any longer live together. Indeed, realist assessment of the feelings roused by Nazi methods in Czech lands indicated that many spontaneous acts of revenge were bound to happen after V-day. The outrages committed against Czech students in Prague, and the fate of the (rural) village of Lidicé, plus thousands of executions of individual Czechs, strengthened these apprehensions. On the other hand, thousands of Sudeten Socialists suffered under exactly the same Nazi persecution. This fact, together with the legacy of a hard common struggle against Nazism, justified some hope for continued Czech-Sudeten co-operation after the war. But Czech official wartime propaganda from London and Moscow was conspicuously silent about the heroic struggle of the Sudeten Loyalists before Munich, and about their sufferings after Munich.[1]

In conversations with Dr. Beneš during the

[1] The Austrian Minister, Dr. Gruber, stated in Paris that 7,000 Austrians were in Nazi camps or prisons; in this figure Austrian Socialists, Catholics and Monarchists were included. But in the first weeks after Munich 20,000 Sudeten Socialists were sent to concentration camps or prisons.

war I frankly admitted that the German-speaking population of the so-called Protectorate, about a quarter of a million, had little chance to retain their positions in Prague, Brno and other predominantly Czech towns following the régime of Heydrich and K. H. Frank. On the other hand, I argued, it would be out of all proportion if 3,300 towns and villages in Sudetenland, with more than three million inhabitants, should be ravaged in revenge for the destruction of two small Czech villages (Lidice and Lezaky) with not more than 1,200 inhabitants. I proposed punishing Sudeten Nazis equally with Czech and Slovak Fascists, irrespective of their numbers. But Sudeten Socialists opposed population transfer in principle. It needed little foresight to know that the acceptance of mass deportation as a prerequisite for state-building would open the floodgates of a new racialism. However, no agreement on a democratic, non-racialist reconstruction of Czecho-Slovakia was possible. Actually in the first weeks after the Armistice there was much indiscriminate revenge in the former Protectorate; throughout the borderland, however, more Czech-Sudeten co-operation occurred than did conflict. The scene changed suddenly on 22 June, when the Prague Minister of Propaganda, Kopecky, ordered a militant 'National Offensive' against the Sudeten population. After that, the mass evictions took place as a matter of military strategy. Significantly, the Army of General Swoboda was sent to clear the Elbe valley before any other district, although the Social Democratic resistance against the Henlein Nazis had been strongest there. The whole operation really had nothing to do with political retribution, nor even with nationalist vengeance. It was a coolly and well-organised campaign for more *Lebensraum* and economic booty for the Czechs.

We were told that, by 28 October, the Czech National Day, Czecho-Slovakia would be cleared of its former Sudeten-Austrian population, including the 800,000 workers who run half of the country's industries. Travellers who visited Prague recently have returned almost lyrical in praise of the humanitarian character of this *dénouement*. It is true that transport conditions have improved since last July when an American colonel went to Prague and banged on some Minister's table. The reason for his protest was that transports into Southern Germany included up to ninety per cent broken people—aged, ill, starved, and unable to work. From August onwards, transports rolling into the American zone were received only on condition that the 'expellees' were equipped with pocket money and food for the journey. Families without breadwinners were no longer accepted. This successful American intervention on behalf of the 'expellees' can hardly be instanced as a proof of the humanitarian intentions of those expelling them.

## A CASE FOR NUREMBURG II

Massive evidence on the inhuman aspects of Czech deportations is in the possession of the American authorities. Out of piles of documents, the unanimous declaration of 1,200 'expellees' given to the Boundary Commissioner in Wiesau, on 21 July 1946, about conditions in the camps of Modrany and Teresienstadt should be recorded:

> *Sixty per cent of the women were given to the Russians to be raped. One pregnant woman who with others had to endure the dreadful camp life was ordered to kneel on the floor when a Czech soldier passing through spat on the floor. She was forced to lick up his saliva . . . Czech priests who openly declare 'For Germans we haven't any more charity' refuse to give dying people the extreme unction or spiritual comfort.*
>
> *Czech doctors refuse to attend to venereal diseases resulting from acts of raping. Syphilis is not treated at all. Gonorrhœa is being treated with a few tablets . . . Wounded ex-soldiers, covered on the whole body with sores and worms, are simply left to their fate . . . Inmates not yet suffering from dysentery are forced to lick off their underwear, soiled by excrements, or to have them thrown into their faces. As a rule, people who refuse to obey such orders are beaten until they are unconscious.*
>
> *A fifteen-year-old boy, whose father had left the camp without permission, was beaten every day till his father had been found again. Then the father was tied down and boiling water was poured on him.*

The Boundary Commissioner added to this report:

> *The transports arriving from Prague are named sick transports. Most of the newcomers have to be sent to hospital. The diagnosis runs ninety per cent general weakness, infirmity. All the 'expellees' are underfed and very emaciated.*
>
> *The transport was directed to Schwabach. The chief doctor has been informed by phone so that measures could be taken to prevent the spread of venereal disease.*

Apart from these horror camps, bondage is being reintroduced into the heart of Europe. A Reuter report from Prague, of 8 October, stated that 300,000 Sudetenlanders will remain in Czecho-Slovakia, but that only 50,000 are to receive citizenship. What is the meaning of this disparity? It means that most of these skilled workers are to be retained without legal status—that is, without political, cultural or even human rights. If these things can happen without moral protest and political counter-action, then, I am afraid, we are sliding into an age of barbarism without hope or mercy.

# EUROPE'S COAL CRISIS

COLONEL W. R. GORDON, O.B.E., **former Director of the Coal Utilisation Council and Deputy Chief Solid Fuel Section, SHAEF**

EUROPE is desperately short of coal. Whereas between 1935 and 1938 the combined hard coal outputs of Western European producers amounted to close on 280 million tons annually, in July of this year they were working at a rate barely exceeding 180 million. The problem is how, with all the reconstruction needs facing Europe today, to bridge this hundred-million-a-year gap. Even with requirements scaled down to those of the most urgent necessity, the gap is still very large.

Britain is, of course, one of the principal delinquents. Whereas before the war our coal output allowed us to export some fifty million tons per year—though not all of it to European countries—we cannot now export more than a trickle. Last year our total coal exports amounted to only eight million tons, including foreign bunkers; for the next twelve months our monthly exports to Europe may not exceed 50,000 tons and that will only be fuel of the most inferior grades. In fact, since early 1945, we have been shipping to the Continent coal which our consumers here would not use—a step which has done our future coal export trade, if it ever recovers, the most incalculable harm. At one time '*charbon anglais*' was a hallmark of quality in France; today that reputation is being rapidly lost.

### GERMAN COAL OR GOODS?

But apart from the catastrophic drop in British coal exports, there has been a marked decline in those from the Ruhr. Before the war this highly industrialised region of Germany produced some 130 million tons and exported, roughly, one quarter of that amount. The bombing by the Allied Air Forces, coupled with the ground fighting in that area, during April and May 1945, has changed all that. Out of 178 pits, 148 are now producing at a rate of seventy million tons annually, or about fifty-four per cent of pre-war.

Recently exports have been at the rate of thirteen millions per year but this may soon be dropped to some nine millions, if the recommendations of the recent Quadrupartite Commission to the Foreign Ministers of the Four Big Powers

*ECO delegates.* P. R. PORTER (*U.S.A.*), BATON GRIFFITH (*Chairman*), S. R. GUERONIK (*France*)

are accepted. Lately there has been a tug-of-war between those who want to see the maximum German coal export to liberated countries and those who want to restart German manufacture, if only on a small scale. The supporters of the latter policy argue that Western Germany can only pay for food imports and the cost of Allied occupation by manufacturing goods, thus employing her hundreds of thousands of presently unemployed workpeople. Which policy will be adopted remains to be seen. But it is conceivable that, in the near future, despite pressure from France and other interested countries, the Ruhr contribution towards the reconstruction of liberated states may become less instead of greater, due to a large part of the output being reserved for internal German consumption. Even now, from the recent electricity cuts and the closing down of steel works in Western Germany, it is clear that the Ruhr cannot meet its own present requirements, let alone export more coal or increase local manufacturing activities.

### RISING FRENCH OUTPUT

Apart, too, from Britain and the Ruhr, there has been a falling off in the coal production of every European country, except France. Here, thanks to special measures taken by the French Government to recruit French miners and to re-equip their pits, as well as to the employment of close on 50,000 prisoners of war, output has been stepped up to nearly fifty million tons a year, as compared with forty-five before the war. Yet even in France there is a need to import between twenty-two and twenty-eight million tons of coal, especially for industry and steelworks, during the next twelve months.

In Belgium and Holland output has declined. The Belgian production is now around twenty-two million tons as against twenty-nine before the war, while the Dutch annual output has dropped from fourteen to about nine million tons.

### COLLIERY NEEDS

All these producing countries are desperately short of coalmining machinery and supplies. During the war their plant could not be renewed, and suffered, too, from lack of maintenance. Almost every country wants coal cutters, conveyor belting, underground trucks, steel rope and pipes, electrical machinery and a whole host of other items without which they cannot increase or in some cases even maintain, their outputs.

But apart from these items of capital expenditure, some of which are being supplied in increasing quantities from America, there are many consumable stores, such as pitwood (of which roughly one ton is needed for every thirty tons of coal mined) and pitch for patent fuel manufacture, urgently required. Much of the pitwood can be, and is being, obtained from Scandinavia but those countries, in turn, need coal to haul the timber to the ports. Furthermore, since several of the Scandinavian ports are ice-bound during the winter, the bulk of their coal has to be discharged during the summer months.

### BUTTER FOR COAL

The consumer countries, like Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland and Portugal, all have something to offer in return—something which the coal-producing countries need badly. Denmark, for example, is the only European country with an exportable surplus of food, including butter and eggs. But to provide that food, so urgently needed by miners and other workers everywhere, the Danes must have fuel for their industries, power stations and railways. Switzerland, though greatly helped by her hydro-electric power schemes, still needs a million and three quarter tons of coal annually with which to produce the electrical machinery so much in demand elsewhere. Portugal is in like case to Sweden. She, too, can produce pitwood but only if she receives locomotive coal in exchange.

While nearly every European country has some *quid pro quo* to offer in exchange for coal, Italy stands almost alone as a bankrupt suppliant. Such coal as she receives now is paid for by UNRRA, though who will foot the bill when UNRRA ceases operations at the end of this year is not yet clear. To prevent complete economic collapse, Italy will need six million tons of coal during the coming twelve months. If she could receive eight million, it would enable her to re-activate her industries to the extent of some seventy per cent of pre-war.

For the domestic consumer everywhere, this winter, if it should be accompanied by severe weather, will be cold and cheerless. In justifying their needs to the European Coal Organisation, whose task it is to share the available coal fairly amongst all countries, nearly all governments report restricted use of gas and electricity, severely rationed solid fuel and attempts to use oil, where possible, as a substitute.

### WHAT CAN BE DONE?

In all this black picture of gloom, where is the daylight? Substantial aid is coming from America in the shape of coal to the extent of some two million tons or more per month. Poland is producing at the rate of nearly fifty million tons

annually and some proportion of that tonnage should find its way into Scandinavian and possibly Western countries, as it used to do before the war. Already she is supplying one-third of Sweden's annual requirements.

The only country which could aid Europe to any large extent quickly is our own. While it is true that reinforcements of younger men are wanted in our pits immediately, the labour force is big enough to increase its output, say ten per cent, despite the difficulties, if it had the will to do so. Miners' absenteeism, which stood at 6.05 per cent in 1935 and which rose to 18.93 in January 1946, was still as high as 15.64 per cent in August last. If British coal output is to bridge our own ten-million-ton deficiency, let alone the large European gap, our miners will have to work harder. The mechanisation plans of the National Coal Board cannot take effect in time.

All the same, are British miners entirely to blame? It is only now that, despite the protests of the T.U.C., the miner is to get extra meat. Mining, especially at the coalface itself, is strenuous physical work demanding the expenditure of great energy during the eight-hour shift. Propaganda, threats and cajoling are poor substitutes for steak.

When SHAEF assumed control of the North French and Belgian pits in September 1944, it was found necessary to supplement the miners' rations in order to produce enough coal to run the trains, operate the power stations and reactivate industry so as to assist the armies. The British Government has been slow to recognise the special needs of the coalminer, not only in food but in regard to clothing, housing and general conditions.

To achieve any sudden large increase in British coal output means reinforcing our miners with Poles and other foreign workers. Despite the laudable activities of the Recruitment Branch of the Ministry of Fuel and Power, which had gained 4,600 recruits up to the end of August as against a loss of 16,000 last year, there are no considerable sources of suitable British manpower upon which to draw for reinforcements. Yet these reinforcements are vital to replace the 24,000 miners now over sixty-five years of age and some, at least, of the 134,000 between fifty and sixty-five years of age.

ECO has done its best to narrow the gap by 'screening' the requirements of each country. But, even on the barest minimum scale of need, some seventeen to forty-two million tons of coal will be short in European countries before the end of May 1947. The hundred-million-ton gap has been narrowed, but what remains still represents some twenty-five to forty-five per cent of the total coal requirements of European countries this winter. The consequences in terms of unemployment, unrest and disease may well, as ECO has pointed out, be serious.

Whether we shall get through the next six trying months without difficulties depends first on the temperature. Then food, labour, housing, transport, mine supplies and machinery problems all have to be solved, at least in part, in the various coal-producing regions. But the end of the coming winter will not see the finish of it; some of the problems cannot be solved in the time. It seems unlikely that the major difficulties can be overcome much before 1950, unless we in Britain take a bold step by training and using large contingents of foreign labour in our pits.

## COAL MINERS

ARE they not entitled to a higher reward? And would not a public acknowledgment of the value of the miner's work to the nation by bestowing on him special privileges in hard times provide an impulse to the younger generation of the mining areas to retain the profession of their fathers and forefathers and thereby keep intact one of the most important assets of Britain's wealth?

PROFESSOR HERMANN LEVY in *The Fortnightly*

* * *

ONE suggestion from a high economic authority is that the Government should appoint a man of first-class ability, of the type of Sir John Anderson, as Governor-General of the Zone, who would be responsible to a Cabinet Minister at home in sole charge of German affairs.

It is, I think, a good constructive idea. We have to regard the British Zone not merely as a piece of conquered territory, such as the Libyan Desert, which can be administered by a few generals with some second-rate civilian assistance, but as a great modern community, with a population of twenty-two millions and richer in industrial resources than any area of the same size in any other part of the world.

28★ 12 A. J. CUMMINGS in *News Chronicle*

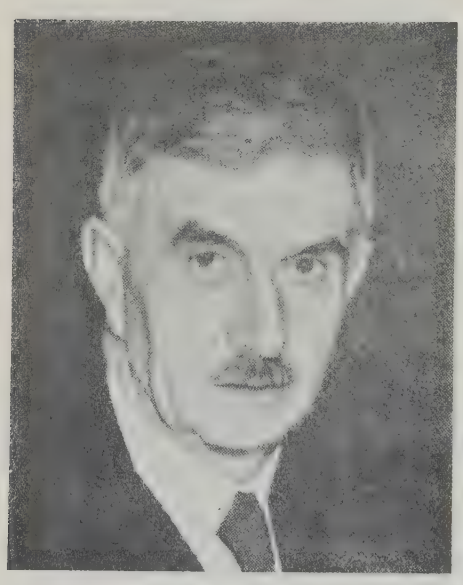
# CROOKS IN CLOVER

## LEONARD GRIBBLE

THAT strange and wholly unpredictable thing, the public social conscience, has been disturbed of late by sharp prickings. The reason for the prickings, as usual, is a compound one. There is too much crime and too little crime prevention. There are too many active crooks, and the number is growing; there are too few police, and the number is decreasing.

Of late there has been considerable press publicity about the startling number of robberies in London and the Home Counties. At the same time the press has been devoting many columns of space to the difficulties of police recruitment and the problems of retirement and general discontent with existing conditions both at Scotland Yard and throughout the Metropolitan Police. The matter came to a head when the Home Secretary, Mr. Chuter Ede, conferred with Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, and a group of provincial chief constables.

A wind of national agitation that threatens to become a sizable breeze is blowing. Already it has collected quite a few straws. From Huddersfield comes a demand by mill-owners for permission to arm night-watchmen with tommy-guns. Cloth robbers are becoming too successful in their depredations; too much good cloth is being stolen and is disappearing into the black market. From Dagenham comes a complaint by the Chamber of Trade that members' shops are being burgled nightly. From East Suffolk comes an admission by the Chief Constable, Lieut.-Col. A. F. Senior, in his quarterly report to the Joint Standing Committee: 'One particularly persistent thief we are unable to catch.' In October last year, while Lord Glendyne and his family were at dinner at their home near East Grinstead, a necklace valued at £15,000 was stolen. The thief was not caught. Almost a year later, while the Glendyne family were at dinner, the theft was repeated. Jewels and furs to the value of £7,000 were stolen. Again the thief got clear. Anniversaries are pleasant occasions for the most part—but not when celebrated by competent thieves.



RT. HON. CHUTER EDE, M.P., *formerly teacher and educationist, now, as Home Secretary, is ultimately responsible for efficiency of Police. What means will he take to attract new recruits?*

And present-day cat-burglars are exceedingly competent. They gave ample demonstration of this by the manner in which they entered Ednam Lodge, at Sunningdale, and departed with some £25,000 worth of the Duchess of Windsor's jewels. It has been suggested by detectives who know their job that the crooks' competence reached the point of taking with them a 'fence' who could give a valuation before they left the district, and that it was on this gentleman's advice that the Alexandra necklace and other 'difficult' pieces were discarded on the golf course.

### CRIME PAYS TAX-FREE DIVIDENDS!

Big business methods have long been applied to Black Market trading. But it is a bit startling to find them applied to the practice and pursuits of jewel thieves.

The truth is crooks today are in clover, and for their particular haymaking they do not require the services of the sun. Hundreds of experienced plain-clothes officers have retired—officers who knew the old lags' records and habits and could put their fingers on the youngsters who have graduated out of a Borstal institution. Every 'hard crime' crook in Greater London breathed a sigh of relief when Alfred Dance retired in July

this year, after being second-in-command of the Yard's Flying Squad for twenty-three years. Dance solved case after case and recovered thousands of pounds' worth of stolen property simply by knowing crooks, collectively and individually.

A few weeks ago I was walking with him down a well-known London thoroughfare, the pavements of which were swarming with short men with hands in their trouser pockets. A couple approached. 'Morning, Alf,' said one. Dance nodded. 'Heard about Charlie?' said the other. I stepped aside while they conferred. Five minutes later Dance said to me, 'I put both those inside at different times. Also their pal Charlie. They wanted to tell me Charlie died last week and they gave him a slap-up funeral on Friday.'

It takes years to forge such close links with the spivs and cons and fences and broadsmen and scribes and push-up boys of the so-called underworld which at the moment is very much on top of the world. The men in plain clothes who are following in the steps of retired officers such as Inspector Dance and Sergeant Brinnand will have to step lively to fill the gaps adequately. They will require reinforcements, and they will have to learn how to be patient while moving in a hurry. Also, they will have to specialise. Dance specialised in burglars and receivers who worked with them. Brinnand, now running a private security force at Wimbledon Greyhound Stadium, specialised in race-gangs and dog dopers.

Both burglars and track gangs are working overtime. Indeed, one track gang has recently invented a machine capable of printing forged Tote tickets actually on the track. They made a 'killing' at Crayford and Walthamstow stadiums. Four hundred pounds is computed to be their haul in a single night.

The big lure in crime today, of course, is that the crook pays no income tax on his 'earnings'. That is why there are so many jewel robberies. With a hundred per cent purchase tax added to the price of legitimate jewellery, and the net profit taxed heavily, there are plenty of jewellers prepared to buy assorted goods at 'reasonable' figures with no questions asked and no need to pass the sale through their books. Again, because of the readiness with which they can make a sale, and because crooks are for the most part only handling jewellery of a general character, the receivers have no need to break up the pieces they buy and re-set them. Consequently they pay much higher prices than before the war. The proceeds of a single suburban or country-house jewel robbery today will keep the successful crook in luxury for a twelvemonth despite present costs of living. The warehouse robberies, in the same way, net good prices for the lorry gangs who supply the black market. Those prices will remain high as long as the demand lasts, and while they remain high there will be a constant stream of recruits to the ranks of the underworld.

Conversely, crimes which pay less illicit dividends are becoming unfashionable. Indeed, a Yard man told me quite recently that counterfeiting was almost finished. No crook bothers to manufacture his own half-crowns when he can, in a few hours, complete a transaction that will leave him with an attaché case full of genuine pound-notes. That is the single bluebottle buzzing in the crook's ointment today—he has only one medium of exchange: the pound-note. Large sums are changing hands hourly across the counters of the underworld, but all in cash. Cheques are not acceptable. Cheques mean banking accounts, and banking accounts are very vulnerable. Forgers and income-tax inspectors alike get interested when the account balloons. Pound-notes, brown-paper taped in bundles of fifty and a hundred, are customary when a deal is being completed. Earlier in the year Yard detectives recovered an attaché case stuffed with ten thousand pound-notes, the obvious proceeds of a Black Market sale, which the crooks could neither bank conveniently nor hide successfully.

Naturally, with the stakes growing in size, the

SIR HAROLD SCOTT, *Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis since 1945. Too many crooks and too few police make a 'tough' job still tougher*

crook becomes more determined to remain at liberty. Therefore it is not unnatural, following upon the moral and physical disturbances of the recent war, to find that the number of cases of robbery with violence is growing. It is almost axiomatic that a man would shoot to ensure getting away with £5,000, when he would offer no violence to arrest for stealing a five-pound note. As the stakes drop, so will the curve defining crimes with violence on the statistics chart.

## CRIME VARIES WITH SOCIAL CONDITIONS

But the stakes will not drop until taxation, directly and indirectly, is relieved; until the lessening of purchase tax and income tax increases the normal flow of goods that have been worth the crook's while to steal. If high or relatively high taxation stays—and it seems inclined to—then the proceeds from crime will remain high in the same ratio. The prospect of easy pickings will assuredly keep juvenile delinquency at a mounting figure, likewise. In short, the post-war period would seem to be one in which the markedly increased criminal activity of the war years is not curtailed and channelled, but rather augmented and widened.

Social unrest will doubtless aggravate the problem. Restriction upon the individual's freedom of action will produce a keen search for legal loopholes and fresh ways of coming by what is denied by statute. Crooked values will tend to become common in everyday life: the builder who does more repair work than his licence permits, and takes the extra in cash; the shopkeeper who omits to mark a favoured customer's ration book and the garage man who does an unadvertised trade and exchange in basic and supplementary petrol coupons. Such citizens would look pained if they were called crooks. To their way of thinking they are merely being smart, interpreting rules and conditions to suit themselves. They are not *robbing* anyone or doing anything *dishonest*.

In the softening of the general public's set of moral values lies a grave danger for the future of law and order in this country. Prohibition in the United States made the bootlegger a national hero. Yet the law decided he was a crook, and a dangerous crook. The crook who can give us what we can't get except with his aid has been tolerated in this country for the past five years. Now he is almost an established and accepted member of our changed society. People speak of the Black Market no longer with bitterness. Few refuse to profit from it. We are told that, if it were not for the Black Market, tens of thousands of people in Europe would starve to death. We think the Black Market can't be such a bad thing. We no longer think of it as something extra-legal, and when we read of tons of butter being stolen from a warehouse in Camberwell we never connect it with those big fat pats we get in the cosy café in Soho where, because we are known, we get both bread and soup—and, of course, pay through the nose for it.

In a country where the citizens are content to live a daily routine that encourages legal evasions and circumlocutions, crime must flourish. The soil and air of such a country encourage its growth. Police forces will not provide a complete solution to the problem, for there will even be danger of police officers being suborned from their duty. Quite recently a police sergeant and a constable pleaded guilty at the Old Bailey to charges of stealing property worth £425 from a number of shops. Each was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. Sir Gerald Dodson, the Recorder, told them: 'As police officers you were trustees of the property of the public and you were unfaithful to a body of men who as a rule discharge their duties admirably. You bring disgrace and contempt to a force of the Crown which is held in the highest possible esteem.'

## BIGGER RETURN FOR LESS EFFORT

I overheard two men discussing this case in an Underground train. One said, 'I bet they didn't think they'd get caught. Unlucky, if you ask me.' The other nodded and smacked his evening paper with his left hand. 'After all,' he said, 'everybody does a bit of fiddling today. Blimey, you've got to!'

'Fiddling' undoubtedly comes very high up in the list of popular national British pastimes today. It is not altogether a new conception, but it is being accepted as a condition of living by an increasingly significant number of people in all walks of life, even by some who have never heard the term and would hesitate to supply its true meaning.

In a nation of such 'fiddlers' it will not be difficult to find moral stimulus for deliberate, calculated crime. And crime—or, to use an old-fashioned word, sin—like virtue, grows with custom. It has been a cherished illusion for a hundred and fifty years of the industrial age that poverty was the cause of crime. Poverty, in the old-time sense of grinding want, is being rapidly removed from this land. Social conditions for the masses have never been better since the industrial age dawned. But crime is on the upgrade, not because its roots are in poverty, but because in a world of loosening moral values it provides a

bigger return for less effort. The person who finds a Post Office Savings Book and forges a signature to get a withdrawal in cash does not ponder whether his action is decreasing the account of a poor person or one well-to-do. It is an easier way of making a few pounds than standing by a shop counter or bending over a bench. The 'Mayfair boy' who swindles at cards or robs a friend's flat does not do it because he fears poverty, but because it is an easier way of getting what he wants than working in an office or standing in a motor-car sales-room.

The future for crooks in a country where every industry is undermanned and the public continues restive under parliamentary repression looks very rosy. The clover fields of crime in the immediate future promise good crops.

But British weather is notoriously unseasonable. While those public conscience prickings can still be felt, it would not be a bad idea for someone to start designing a few really modern gaols!

### OPTIMISM

BANK manager, just released from prison, seeks employment.

Advertisement in *The Times*

### WARNING NOTED

PARTNER wanted with £1,500 to take over large guest-house with catering licence. Also partnerships arranged for genuine concerns.

Advert. in *Southern Daily Echo*

### BRIBERY AND CORRUPTION?

EFFICIENT secretaries are worth almost their weight in gold these days, and many and varied are the stratagems used by West End business men to win them over to their service.

Apart from tempting offers of salaries which rise as high as £10 a week, I am told that women with a real flair for secretarial work are wooed with such practical inducements as free facials, manicures and hair-styling at Mayfair beauty parlours.

Other inducements include prepaid travel to and from their homes, or luncheons at the firm's expense in good restaurants.

From London Letter, *Aberdeen Press & Journal*

### ROUND TRIP

IN Lansing, Kans., prisoners J. Edward Moler and Harold Malicoat escaped from the State penitentiary, thumbed a ride to Kansas City, found that the driver was penitentiary warden Robert Hudspeth.

*Time*

# THE BALLET
# AND THE BOX-OFFICE


## CARYL BRAHMS

***Evening Standard* Ballet Critic. Author, with S. J. Simon, of 'A Bullet in the Ballet' and 'And Talking of Tightropes', just adapted for stage**


THE Ballet, as Arnold Haskell points out in his recent book, *The Making of a Dancer*, is an aristocratic art.

Its technique passes down from distinguished teacher to distinguished pupil, who in turn becomes a teacher with pupils, and so the lineage is preserved by the dancers for the dancers. Great names shine out in the pedigree of a Chauviré, a Markova, a Fonteyn, who are linked to the past through two and a half centuries of ballet tradition.

DIANA ADAMS, *of New York Ballet Theatre, in* Aurora's Wedding

The history of Ballet is shaped by the individual quality of the dancers for whom it has been devised as a starring vehicle, and by the temper of the times in which it has been danced. In the last three decades we have seen great changes come to the Ballet. Once it was followed by fashion; now it follows the fashion.

Ballet once formed and heralded fashion. Mr. Bakst came to town and our sofas sprouted cushions of purple and vermilion and sapphire and jade green. Larionov and Goncharova brightened and simplified the Russian peasant scene—our nurseries went naïve and we wore coloured wooden beads and madly embroidered our blouses.

Wherever the Ballet travelled, created as it must be by the foremost artists of the day, it brought with it the last word in fashionable whimsy—or, rather, the first word.

In a world moving irrevocably towards its agony, the Ballet presented an escape into the amusing.

These were the days of the creative giants—the days of Fokine, Massine, Balanchine; the days of Stravinsky and Falla; the days of Dérain, Picasso, Laurencin; the days when the ballerina was reduced to a position subsidiary to the requirements of the choreographer and second to those of the male dancer.

The war came. London was cut off from Paris—from fashion. More than ever we needed the comfort of colour and the calming strength of an art rooted in tradition. We were aware of our history as never before. It lived in us as we sat in our house and walked in our streets and braced ourselves to horror. That was when—and why—*Coppélia* came into its own. The ample old three-acter offered us a colourful escape into tradition which we were not too superior to accept. Our Ballet turned back to fairy-tales and high technique, and we with it. *Giselle*, *Swan Lake*, above all *The Sleeping Princess*, packed the theatre. The experimental choreographer made way for the great dancing vehicles of the past, and the Ballerina Assoluta, who, ever since Pavlova, had

Divertissements *in Act III of the* Sleeping Princess. MOIRA SHEARER *as Princess Aurora and* DAVID PALTENGHI *as Prince Florimund*

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MURIEL BENTLEY, PAULA LLOYD, JEROME ROBBINS, JOHN KRIZA *and* MICHAEL KIDD, *of the New York Ballet Theatre, in* Fancy Free

been taking up a slightly apologetic stance, came radiantly into her own.

Then the tide of war slowly—to most of us, imperceptibly—then steadily and unmistakably, turned. *Hamlet,* Helpmann's balleticised tale from Shakespeare, had been mounted with tremendous success. Its brooding mood, its burden of blood, and the manner in which our hearts were wrung by it, paved the way for a further gamble. The Wells revived *The Rake's Progress*—no children's tale, this animation of the Hogarth scenes with their descent into squalor and madness. And its successful revival at this juncture of the war proved that here in England, at any rate, the public was prepared to accept a ballet that would trouble the heart and stimulate the mind.

The wartime restoration of the Ballerina Assoluta, with her attendant foam of retinue, her icicle variations and her enchanted and enchanting fairy-tales, was at an end. Once more she yielded place—this time to a ballet with a special meaning and application to the world in which it was to be danced.

And so in England we had Helpmann's *Miracle In The Gorbals*—a social indictment in the form of a danced morality. And in America the ballet took a decided swing towards modern movement and vistas of a suddenly significant everyday world.

Once again the Ballet, obedient to the temper of its times—as it has been ever since the days when the French Revolution tore it from its gilded palaces to wander statelessly among the alien capitals of the world—became the emotional expression of the social scene around it. For, with or without state support, the Ballet of the world is dependent upon the box-office of the world.

* * *

With the possible exception of the Circus, Ballet is the most professional of the Theatre Arts. It takes a great many years of training to produce a dancer who is qualified to practise as a performer in classical ballet. And once qualified (by the attainment of a high standard of technical performance), the practice of this profession is a whole-time occupation in the great industry of Entertainment which ranges from cinemas and symphonies to stage and radio shows, novels and nursery-rhymes. Each complement of the entertainment industry is in active competition with the other—an assortment of cultural cut-throats, inextricably embroiled.

Consider the cost of running a first-rate Ballet company; the vast salary list of stars and dancing casts and directors of dancing technique; the backstage staff for stage-direction and scene-shifting; the wardrobe maintenance; the large orchestra; the constant renewal of costumes; the continual mounting of new works entailing fees to choreographers, composers and designers, as well as production costs of costumes and canvas; the great expense of travelling a show of these

dimensions; the scarcity of theatres large enough to allow them to run even at a small profit; the high rent of these theatres. And add to these vast sums the fabulous paraphernalia of the Press Department behind the Niagara of news-items, glamour photographs for the illustrated dailies and weeklies, publicity paragraphs, posters and parties to the press in every town to which the Ballet travels. And don't forget the box-office staff, the front-of-house personnel. And top it off with really terrifying telephone expenses.

Who'd run a Ballet company?

* * *

Next, let us take a look at the competition.

First there is the cinema with its glamour girls, its tuppenny technicolor, and the insidious use of near-good music. Possibly it doesn't pull you in—it wouldn't me—but there are hundreds of thousands of potential playgoers who consider their money better spent at a cinema.

Then there is the Drama. In London, this in the main consists of faintly awful revivals of effete musical comedies and a scatter of insufficiently ridiculous farces. We have been given some superbly played classics by the Old Vic and the Gielgud companies; an occasional intimate revue with a tang to it; a new play by Mr. Priestley or Mr. Bridie or Mr. Rattigan; and a certain amount of Variety, either glamorised, as at the Prince of Wales, or moribund and at the outlying houses.

Then there are concerts—music played both in the hall and on the air, though to be fair the radio-induced interest in music has served to draw the public to the Ballet rather than to have kept it away. Indeed, so symphony-conscious has the playgoer become that a species of Symphonic Ballet has given rise to a trend of its own in which the choreographer expresses in movement the emotion of an existing masterpiece of music. And this, though many ballet-goers join me in regarding it as vandalism, is a pointer to the reason why Ballet continues to hold its own. In spite of certain technical tenets from which it does not depart, Ballet is adaptable.

Ballet has had to be adaptable—adaptable to the mood and mode of every capital in the world. While we in England have seen our Ballet tend more and more towards the realistic, it seems to have been a very different story in France.

In England our Ballet has been drained of a generation of male dancers by the war—that generation which would have been leaping, beating, turning, and lifting this very season at Covent Garden.

But in France there is still a Ballet mounted by men, primarily for men, following the Diaghilev tradition.

Indeed, though in Yvette Chauviré the Ballet of France has one surpassingly lovely ballerina, there was no new work seen in this country that could contain and display adequately the poetry of her authority.

We have seen, over here, the Ballet built by Serge Lifar—a sorry sight, considered in terms of stage presentation and dance design. But there were some half-dozen interesting male dancers, lead by Kalioujny, a dancer of unusual prowess, who should pass on to a less morbid artistic direction.

In the *Ballets des Champs Elysées* we saw a renaissance of the artist, once more in the service of the male dancer rather than with the ballerina for centrepiece—but a male dancer of charm, intelligence and talent—Roland Petit.

M. Petit is chief choreographer as well as chief dancer to his company. He has chosen for his

*The inimitable Russian,* IRINA BARONOVA, *now in* A Bullet in the Ballet, *with Massine*

adviser Boris Kochno, who was in the councils of Diaghilev. Kochno has drawn about him the fashionable decorators of the Parisian scene: Bérard, Jean-Hugo, Beaurepaire, Clavé, Maclés, and Laurencin. The stagings of the *Ballets des Champs Elysées* have never been less than tasteful even if for the most part they have been little more than piquant. But the general trend in this company is that of an escape to a pictorial yesterday, and there is no work in the repertoire that bears any real relation to its times.

The nearest approach to the realistic is a stylised and rather patchy work about a young man's rendezvous with death outside a Paris Bistro and an unsatisfactory alfresco with a charming vernal setting by Laurencin which very nearly, but not quite, saved the Ballet.

The most successful work this company showed us was the Kochno-Bérard-Sauget-Petit Ballet, *Les Forains*, the Ballet about the travelling troupe which yet achieves beneath its sophistication—perhaps because of it—the sweat and strain and glamour and utter weariness, the high endeavour and the faint feeling of tears that you can find any night at Sanger's Circus.

Yet the abiding impression these two French companies have left in London is that the creators of their Ballets, even at their most modish, are oddly *démodé*—in that they have gone for their inspiration to the past and that, perilously lovely though their creations have been, there is a danger that the present—the cinema-impregnated, radio-threaded, air-minded present—may by-pass Ballet in France.

* * *

In America the scene is very different. Here the trend is leading away from gods and goddesses, from clockwork dolls and coloured tales of kings.

Ballet Theatre brought with it three native works of great charm and vitality: Jerome Robbins' *Fancy Free* and *Interplay*, and Michael Kidd's *On Stage*.

*Fancy Free* took us to America's Sailor Town, its marines on shore leave, their girl-friends, and the gleam and glamour of a bar beneath the bright-eyed skyscrapers. In *On Stage* we were shown a Ballet rehearsal in all its bleak, denuded poetry, with the high bright chatter of the *corps-de-ballet* chiming in with the practice piano as part of the general orchestration of the score. *Interplay* was a comparison of pure movement, classical and jazz, as slangy as a tale by Runyon, as taut and triumphant as a game played by a team.

Strangely enough, Antony Tudor, by birth a Briton, who has worked throughout the war in the States, has been attracted by the same types of subject as Robert Helpmann, by birth an Australian, who was devising his Ballets throughout the war for The Wells.

Tudor's *Pillar of Fire* was a fine and disturbing psychological study of desire. So was Helpmann's *Hamlet*. His *Undertow* is a diffuse and obstetric Gorbals without any Miracle to redeem it. This Ballet, too, deals with a mother-complex, as does *Hamlet*.

Ballet in America is essentially experimental, at times a little raw, iconoclastic and non-technical. The classics they treat with a wary kind of awe—and wisely engage the Russians to dance them.

* * *

This brief consideration of trend in Ballet has lead me to a conclusion at variance with my own personal taste.

I am a great traditionalist—possibly the last of my kind. I like my Ballet to be escapist, ample, handed down to me, preferably by the Russians of the last century. I like my Ballet on the *pointe* and well turned-out. I like to know that my ballerina has made an *entrée* by her manner of taking her stage. I like my theatre to be filled with the hundred-thousand candle light of Tchaikowsky's *Sleeping Princess*, by the strident clamour of Stravinsky, or by the depressed sophistication of Sauget. I have no wish to banish chic or to relinquish the grand manner.

But viewed objectively, the conclusion is inescapable: Ballet has got to be box-office if it is to survive. It cannot afford to ignore the world in which it is dancing. If Ballet is to remain box-office it can do so only by making a living contribution to the present.

**BOX-OFFICE VICTORY!**

THIS conscious effort to please the bottom level of U.S. audience intelligence is made with assurance and great technical competence. The result is so relaxing to eye, ear and brain that millions of movie-goers will not know that they are suffering a carefully-studied insult.

12 *Film Review*

# FILM FESTIVAL IN FRANCE

## DORÉ SILVERMAN, who visited Cannes specially

FILM FESTIVAL in France—a land where it is easier to obtain champagne than milk!

Twenty-six nations, fifty-two feature films (plus short films and documentaries), a jury of nineteen all unconnected with the film industry, and the keenest, most critical audience ever to assemble in a cinema—producers, directors, scenarists, studio-technicians, critics, and all who can possibly be included in that untranslatable French word, *cinéaste*.

Lest the call of the screen sound insufficiently alluring in the ears of film circles the world over, the French Government decided that the Festival be held on the Riviera, in late summer, where cloudless skies are a commonplace, and the temperature fluctuates between 85 at midday and 70 or thereabouts at midnight. One can bathe at midnight. One did.

Near here the Allied troops landed in 1944. So did the Saracens ten centuries before.

There was a Committee of Reception which included (I hope I have the order of precedence right) three princesses, one marquis, two marquesas, two dukes, one duchess, three counts and three barons.

The film magnates, stars, editors, critics and studio folk were housed in the great hotels which line the Croisette. For some, the French Government paid 100 per cent of the room charge; for others it paid one-half.

Proceedings opened with a *soirée* given by the (Communist) Mayor of Cannes, Dr. Picaud. Over a thousand guests watched the Battle of Flowers—often held up by hordes of excitable French photographers—heard local-resident Grace Moore sing, attired in a pale-white frock adorned with a tonic-sol-fa pattern—watched a firework display costing as much as did the flowers (£250), and then danced under the palms until 3 a.m.

There was a slight buffet of sandwiches and *patisseries*. There was drink, too. Champagne. Nothing but champagne. For the occasion the French Government had 'deblocked' 4,000 bottles. A wit observed: 'The invitations should have stated, "Evening dress and champagne obligatory"!'

The Festival had opened.

For fifteen days, from 3 p.m. to 7.30, and again from 8.45 to 1.30 a.m., conscientious viewers filled the 900-seat casino-turned-cinema. There was much jockeying for the star position—the nine-o'clock screening.

The films?

Britain's best bet, the Powell-Pressburger *A Matter of Life and Death*, had to be withdrawn because it was due to be shown to the King in London in November. *The Magic Bow* was the only new British entry. But the audience liked particularly *The Seventh Veil* and *Brief Encounter*.

So did the critics. One of them wrote of *The*

**France.** JEAN MARAIS *and* JOSETTE DAY *in* Beauty and the Beast

*Seventh Veil* as it continued its world-wide triumph: 'Luxury, elegance, distinguished settings, intelligent and original writing, together with acting of the highest class.'

Another said of *Brief Encounter* that it is 'a film that does the cinema much honour. Celia Johnson, playing the leading rôle, is certainly no pin-up girl, but she is quite staggering. The script is simple and straightforward, in happy contrast to the insolent folly of so many scenarios from Hollywood.'

France offered André Gide's story, *La Symphonie Pastorale*, with Michèle Morgan back on her native heath, and Pierre Blanchard. Later came Jean Cocteau's *La Belle et la Bête*. Cantinflas is the rage of Latin America, but his *Three Musketeers*, taking itself very seriously, was so dull that the audience soon filed out into the lobbies.

In addition to war films, Russia screened an attractive version of Jack London's *White Fang*, and a charming fairy-tale in colour, *La Fleur de Pierre*. Italy's three entries included *The Bandit*, a gangster tale made with polish but hardly likely to get by the British censor since much of its action takes place in a *maison de passe* (brothel).

**Denmark.** LISBETH MOVIL *in* The Red Earth

India and Sweden, Denmark and Portugal, Switzerland and Argentina, Czechoslovakia and Roumania took the screen. Hollywood's six entries included only one new film, *Notorious*. And thereby hangs a tale.

On the fifth day of the Festival, the representative of the *New York Herald Tribune* approached me and asked why there was no American delegation—almost every other country had its delegation. I gave it as my opinion that Hollywood did not want these Festivals; did not want anything which promoted the growth of any film movement in any country but its own—that, by definition, it regarded 'a film' as a motion picture made in the United States.

United artists and Universal had no entries. R.K.O. Pictures had two films screened at Cannes—*Make Mine Music* and *Wonderman*. Not a synopsis, not a still, was to be had. Some of the synopses sent to me by the French and the Russians were masterpieces of the printers' art. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, screening *Murder in Thornton Square*, sent me six pages of cyclostyled matter!

## 'NO HOLLYWOOD BOYCOTT'

I asked the view of Harold Smith, European representative of the Johnston (ex-Hays Censor's) Office. He denied that there was any attempt by Hollywood to boycott the Festival. 'It is only a few months since Hollywood was able to re-establish its offices in France. There just wasn't time to do anything better in the way of publicity. After all, it is not here that we sell our films. Again, there was so little time to prepare anything representative.'

Informed journalists, however, were quick to point out that Hollywood's participation in the Festival was out of all proportion to its predominating position in the film world; that not one American star was present, except Maria Montez, as the wife of a French star; and that other nations had no more time in which to prepare.

The people? From Britain's studios, only Margaret Lockwood was seen, and she had to leave early to get on with *Jassy*. But there were Sydney and Muriel Box, Producer R. J. Minney, Director Emeric Pressburger (his lovely wife captured the local photos), Director Bernard Knowles, and some of Mr. Rank's film sellers.

Publicity-man Tony Downing worked like a Trojan, and had the satisfaction of a crowded

**Italy.** (a) *Popular idea of Italian love:* ANNA MAGNANI *in* The Bandit.

(b) *As a contrast, Italian sophistication:* VERA CARMI *in* The Miseries of Signor Travet

and distinguished gathering for his cocktail party on the terrace of the Carlton Hotel, from the British Ambassador, painter Jean-Gabriel Domergue, and Grace Moore, through representatives of nearly all the competing nations, to the English journalist who greeted him with: 'I am representing the —— of England. Can you tell me something about Mr. Rank? Who is he? What does he do?'

Jill Craigie looked in on the holiday town. So did Maria Montez and her husband, Jean-Pierre Aumont, on honeymoon. Cantinflas, the Mexican star, who is to appear in René Clair's next Hollywood film, staked 2,000 francs at the Casino, and won 27,000. Tino Rossi made a brief appearance, as did Chetan-Anand, the producer from India. The blonde Maria Ladinina and the dark-haired Galina Vodianitzkaia arrived from Russia, the lovely Rakia Ibrahim from Egypt.

There was also Erich von Stroheim, his wrists heavy with jewellery, still bull-necked, little changed in appearance after a quarter of a century of films. His French is perfect, but the accent is that of a first-year English student.

To restore jaded film appetites, the Ministre de Tourisme arranged trips for the visitors. One was to the Ile Ste. Marguerite, and its neighbouring Ile St. Honorat, alleged to be the prison of *The Man in the Iron Mask*. On another day, three hundred journalists, Members of Parliament, mayors, delegates and the jury, were taken to Nice for the day. After a visit to the Victorine Studios there was lunch at the Palais de la Méditerranée, which surely is a set from the Babylonian sequence in D. W. Griffith's *Intolerance*. Past a guard of honour of Moroccan soldiery, the guests climbed a staircase which dwarfs the steps of St. Paul's, and entered the luncheon hall.

## TOO INFORMAL FOR RUSSIA

All was pleasantly informal. No reserved places. No place cards. Choose your agreeable companions and enjoy yourself! But for the Russian guests it was too informal. They demanded a complete table. A reserved table! In a forward position!! With difficulty they were dissuaded from leaving immediately!!!

The food is the pinnacle of French cuisine. So it should be, for lunch cost the French Government £2 8s. a head: mushrooms which melted in the mouth, chicken, and accompanying vegetables, ices, coffee. Aperitifs cost £27; champagne for the company £72; coffee £18, and liqueurs £36; the flower bill was £30. Add transport, and the drinks served at the studio, and the total for the day was £1,000.

That evening the papers told of the reopening of the Paris schools for the autumn term. Nearly

two-thirds of the children are reported suffering from malnutrition.

The Festival was a success. Such a success that M. Fourre-Cormeray, Directeur-Général du Cinéma Français, issued a long screed explaining certain shortcomings, which he attributed to the fact that so many entrants, so many visitors, so much publicity, was not expected.

A well-known French journalist, on hearing a list of sins of omission and commission from a visiting journalist, replied with a shrug of the shoulders, 'True! How very true! Now isn't that just like us French?'—which left the critic completely disarmed.

### LOCKWOOD WINS!

The French press certainly did not forget the occasion. From the big dailies down to the locals, from the critical trade press to the fan papers, there were columns, interviews, critiques, gossip-paragraphs, cartoons. Said *Paris Actualité*, captioning a huge photograph of the English star, 'Should it be necessary to elect a Queen of Beauty at Cannes, the English star, Margaret Lockwood, would surely walk off with the palm.'

A breath of the Paris Conference wafted its way down to the Riviera. M. Kalatazov, Vice-President of the Bureau du Cinéma in the U.S.S.R., declaimed against film stars in general —'We have no need of this sort of idol: the dominant figure in production is the director'— and against the American film in particular.

'Why,' he demanded of the French, 'do you open wide your gates to American films, and so risk the demoralisation of your national production?' To which the representative of the U.S.A. retorted that when in America recently, the same Russian official had declared: 'After the Russian films, the only films which count are American.'

The plain fact is that M. Blum had to make concessions when in Washington in order to secure the American loan for France. One of the American demands was more playing-time for Hollywood on French screens: it had four years (1940–44) of films which were still capable of earning revenue from France, to say nothing of current output. The French film industry is still chafing at the concession. To critics, the Government replied that it needed the loan!

Another occasion on which the Russians upset the Americans was the Soviet delegation's cocktail-supper party, which took place on the evening when the American *Wonderman* was in the programme.

Mr. Harold Smith promptly declared the film 'unavailable'—thus causing the session to be cancelled. Yet that did not prevent his accepting the invitation to the party, and sharing with the other guests the imported vodka and caviar, and the local champagne.

The jury made its decisions. Prizes were awarded. Prizes for the best actor, the best script, best documentary, best camera-work, best nearly-everything. Something for everyone off the Christmas tree. The prizes were paintings by Worms, Meuze, Zendel, Montanier, Friesz, Caillard, Magnard, Savin, Savreux, Quizet, Lurçat, etc.

'Thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for coming,' said the Ministre de Tourisme, as the Festival closed with a giant *soirée*, and the French Government hoped the Festival had, in the cause of *tourisme*, justified the reported cost to it of £30,000. 'We hope to have another Festival next year.'

If they do, at least one critic hopes it will not be in Cannes. He asks not to be expected to spend nine hours a day in a cinema where, outside, the sun shines, the hills beckon, and the golden sands whisper alluringly. Hold it in Calais, or Lille, or Lyons, or even in what is left of the Maginot Line.

### GUIDE TO STARDOM

BILLY ROSE gives the following advice to those who want to go into films or on the stage: 'Are you normal? If you are, you haven't a chance. Are you truthful? If so, join the Boy Scouts. Are you modest? Then work in a coal mine. Do you know when to quit? If you do, I don't see much future for you.'

DON IDDON in *Daily Mail*

### GREAT SCOTT!

. . . . IN your movie story, *The Strange Love of Martha Ivers*, you say Lizabeth Scott can't act. Surely she is sexy, sultry and seductive Scott, but *that*, son, is *acting*. Have you ever met her? If not, I suppose you think she's that way all the time. . . .

12 Letter to *Life*

# THE FRENCH PRESS, YESTERDAY AND TODAY

**J. C. DE BEAUJEU,** Correspondent in London of French journals

EXOTIC islands where happy natives, bedecked with flowers and facing no other horizon than sea and sky, living peacefully on their plot of earth, ignorant of the fate of Humanity, exist only today in the dreamy imagination of novelists.

The last survivors of these happy breeds have been caught in the turmoil of war. The construction of pipelines, the roar of aeroplanes, the fantastic explosions of atomic bombs have disturbed the harmony of 'Shangri-La'.

The discoveries of science every day bring new hopes but also new threats. Life has ceased to be routine; individuals, like nations, have the same thirst for knowledge.

Every city of the world awakens from dawn in the morning to the concert of information—radio sounds fill the air of buildings and streets; the music accompanies the flow of taps and the clattering of cups and saucers at the frugal breakfast tables of today.

Here in the streets the rush to work commences: streets, often shabby, where millions of human beings are swallowed up by the tube entrances. Each of them carries a newspaper or magazine, faithful friends of the good and bad days.

From the leading article to the last column of advertisements there is a wide choice of interest. Quite often the train runs faster than the eye. The daily reading will be continued during the break at the factory, the quiet hours of the shop or during the short rest for lunch.

The press orients, directs, and sways public opinion. It became, during the war, a potent weapon, and was used for different aims by the great powers of the world.

In the hands of some, its aggressive qualities were put to use, its rôle being to occupy the souls of men before the army occupied the land. By a skilful measure of promises and threats it corrupted the weak, and made them the slaves of a demoniac race-worship and race-hatred.

In happier lands it reflected the hopes and deceptions of those fighting the good cause; the traditional honesty of the British Information Service propagated wherever possible the truth amongst the people. The Allies, therefore, were spared the terrors of ignorance and uncertainty.

Most European countries were deprived during the war of this great consolation. France, in particular, appreciates more than ever the importance of accurate information. This need of liberty and freedom of speech, stemmed during five years of occupation, has revealed itself in the stupefying quantity of daily, weekly, monthly newspapers and magazines published since the Liberation. The British tourist might well be astonished at the sight of a French bookstall, unless he realises that this is the natural reaction of a nation starved of reading matter for five years.

## SUDDEN GROWTH

The reason for this sudden growth of publications is twofold: the chaos of interior French politics worsened by a narrowly voted Constitution and the geographical position of the country as a junction of the two great modern ideologies.

In France creeds and theories are discussed and commented upon because the two subjects are ever present. The outcome of these debates is found in the written expression of the thought, adapted to the mind of the man in the street.

The practical consequence of this recovered liberty is often the result of diverging conceptions. Whilst some wish to protect the press from the material powers, others on the contrary consider an oriented interpretation of events the first duty of journalism. However, all agree that the responsibility of the informer, his integrity and competence must dominate the liberty of thought, only possible counterpoise to partiality.

If the evolution of the press is a surprise to the foreigner, it must be examined in the light of the recent past, influenced by the growing importance of politics in every man's life.

It is impossible to ignore the superhuman efforts of a few patriots during the occupation. Clandestine papers were published in the early months of the Resistance, often only typewritten sheets, soiled by many adventures and the multiple hands through which they had passed. The printing of every issue was a nightmare we can hardly visualise. To obtain the articles necessary for publication was a matter of life or death for someone. Whatever their political creed—Communist, Socialist or Right Wing—their cause was identical: frank, direct, fearlessly outspoken. The French press was never more heroic than when speaking for the underworld.

Monde Illustré *(now going Left-Wing) and* France Illustration *are first-class periodicals.* Canard Enchaîné *is a well-known comic.* Point de Vue *is typical of the plethora of illustrateds on sale on the boulevards today*

The conversion of this primitive means of information into the extraordinarily wide press of today did not happen overnight. The putrid legacies of the occupation had first to be dealt with financially, technically and morally. The possessions of the pro-German concerns were re-allocated by the *Société Nationale des Entreprises de Presse* and the slow machinery of justice concluded the exploits of the guilty.

## THE MORNING OF LIBERATION

A few Parisian papers, mostly Communist, appeared on the morning of the Liberation. They invaded the offices of fleeing collaborators, making use of the few available printing plants. This was a direct challenge to the authority of the exiled organisation of General de Gaulle. It is no secret today that the French Government of London was reluctant to help these Maquis led by well-known Communists.

The first daily paper to reappear called for a reactionary Press: *Le Figaro,* changing its old motto, *Loué par les uns, blamé par les autres, je me presse de rire de tout de peur d'être obligé d'en pleurer* into *Les gens qui ne veulent rien faire de rien, n'avancent rien et ne sont bons à rien* resumed their moderate publication. *Le Populaire,* under the direction of Léon Blum, represented once more the interests of the Socialists; *L'Aube,* a newcomer supported M. Bidault's Party *Le Mouvement Républicain Populaire,* originally a propaganda medium for the policy of General de Gaulle. None has attained a circulation equal to that of the Communist papers, *L'Humanité* and *Ce Soir,* these two having taken advantage of the occasion when France was free but bruised and seething in constitutional chaos.

In spite of the momentous events taking place in Europe at the time, the interest of the French people was directed toward their own internal complications. The press, disregarding the war censorship still in force, divided the people against the government in power by their efforts to achieve their own aims.

It was essential to reach every class of society, women and men alike. This was successfully undertaken by rival parties through the medium of the daily press, supported by an increasing number of weekly publications, a form of journalism almost unknown in France before the war.

The post-war legislation granting to women the vote completely changed the problem facing

politicians. It was necessary to create a subterfuge to reach this numerically important section of electors during their few moments of leisure.

### THE FRENCH WIFE

The new social structure spreading across Europe has not as yet affected the French wife, whose independence ceases on her wedding day.

The difficulties of daily life, shop queues, the inadequate system of rationing left her very little time to read the daily papers. The Communists were the first to appreciate this problem and founded a number of weekly magazines and papers under the cover of fashion, housekeeping and general advice. All quickly attained a large circulation in comparison with the daily papers, the most striking examples being *Filles de France* (circulation 150,000), *Femmes Françaises* (142,000), *La Terre* (318,000), *La Vie Ouvrière* (400,000). Very few Right Wing or Republican papers can compare in importance with these.

Is the French press of today equal to its past? It is as yet too early to judge. The present team of journalists has few links with its predecessors. War, occupation, deportation and *épurations* have left the French intellectual world depleted of its most famous columnists. A number of directors, editors, printers and technicians were drawn into the ranks of the collaborators either by self-interest or lack of foresight and have since disappeared from public life. Most of the newcomers have little experience and more often a dangerous enthusiasm. To these new recruits a number of famous and truly talented novelists, such as François Mauriac and Jerome and Jean Tharaud, have attached themselves as journalists and intervened in the political life of the country by introducing a new form of abstract comment closer to art than to journalism and far above the mentality of the average Frenchman.

This error is not universal. The Socialists, and still more the Communists, have gathered the remains of their old, experienced team together and are monopolising little by little every organisation which fails through lack of funds or experience. It is sufficient to consult a complete list of publications to realise that amongst the thousand weeklies published in France at present, one third belongs to the Left Wing.

The Communist Press and Information Services in general are organised to serve a far wider range of readers today, not only in the capital and large provincial towns but also in the remote villages. Some local weeklies have a circulation of no more than fifteen hundred copies. They are written, edited and printed by one man, and exist on Communist subsidies.

This influence has also spread to some famous illustrated weeklies who were unable to maintain the lavish pace of their first months of existence. It cannot yet be said that this Communist-absorbed Press is directed by a central body or used as a propaganda medium on the model laid down by the Totalitarian States. Its fate is still dependent on the political developments to come.

With very few exceptions, the rôle of the British Press has always been to portray the multiple aspects of national life—its permanent, contemporary and ephemeral features—and to remain as flexible, versatile and independent as possible. These qualities are the reason for the traditional impartiality in reporting world events. The dignity of the press in France commenced with the origin of journalism in the eighteenth century and lasted until the end of the first world war. The agonising years of the Third Republic succeeded in poisoning journalism as well as the political life of the country.

The French Press can, and will, play a very important part in the future of France. It is still feeling its way, having little background to rest upon.

Some indication of a return to tradition is given by *Le Figaro*, *Le Monde* (former *Temps*) and *France-Illustration*—an illustrated magazine of world repute.

There can be found in these a hope for moderation in the leadership of the nation, reasonable methods, and a contribution to the happiness of the individual.

Unfortunately similar publications are scarce; most papers introduce doubts and confusion into the minds of their readers. The eight million non-voters in the last referendum mean precisely that number of intellectually unsettled Frenchmen —and a striking example of this evil influence.

It is doubtful whether this flood of reading matter will survive the criticism of a nation that has recovered its stability. But let us not overlook the fact that this final test will leave a powerful instrument in the hands of those in control, capable of influencing, unhindered, the will of the individual and the masses.

Only then will it be possible to foresee the path chosen by the French people.

# AMERICAN STRIKES GO HUMOROUS!

STRIKES *in post-war Britain, if not so numerous as after World War One, have been frequent enough. Whilst usually good-natured (apart from the discomfort to the General Public), British strikes cannot lay claim to originality—much less to humour.*

*They do things differently in the U.S.A.! In 'God's Own Country', whilst some strikes in the past have produced violence and bloodshed, there is a growing tradition of strikes which are not only whimsical and humorous, but which in one way or another tend to become more and more original.*

*This picture shows a strike in New York City, by Santa Claus! The good man is accompanied by a banner bearer, a usual American feature, in the form of an elf, also on strike.*

*Students of labour affairs are fully aware that all troubles and strikes are by no means due to disputes about wage rates.*

*This picture proves this up to the hilt. For here is a group of young ladies striking because they refuse to be made to wear corsets!*

*After the First World War, when Women's Emancipation was all the rage, it was assumed by mere men that women would eschew all restrictions whether political, legal or sumptuary, for all time.*

*The world was surprised when, following glamorous film stars like Greta Garbo, women in the early nineteen-thirties began to give up their comfortable short skirts and short hair. There were actually one or two rebellions against the new trammels. The film star, Billie Dove, got up a sort of society for the prevention of cruelty to women's legs, ingeniously titled 'The Freedom of the Knees'.*

*Today French fashion designers are determined to get women back into 'feminine clothes'. Hair is elaborate. Heels are higher than ever, and smaller and more perilous at the base. Knees are once more confined in tight 'hobble skirts'. Last, but not least, waists are squeezed in the new corsets, called* guêpières, *until they really do resemble the middle part of a wasp. French women and girls, after a short struggle, have submitted to the new clothes. Anglo-Saxon women are still fighting the new fashions. But the announcement by the U.S. Civilian Production Administration that all government controls will soon be removed from women's styles means more elaborate effects. And elaborate effects will have to be balanced by much longer, and probably much tighter and more restricting skirts.*

# CEREMONY IN WEST AFRICA

JONATHAN CURLING

**Visual impressions of the inauguration of the new Legislative Council in the Gold Coast—the first in any African colony to have a native majority**

'YOUR Excellency. . . ' Reddish-gold bangles, heavy with tinkling symbols, tumble down the ebony forearm as brown fingers, beringed with plaques larger than half-crowns, gather up the folds of a purple, white and yellow robe, throw them over the left shoulder, hitch them beneath the armpit. It is a subtle, rhetorical gesture that enables the burly African chieftain to capture attention with a brief pause before he continues, in a velvety voice, with a quotation from *Paradise Lost*.

*Inaugural session adjourns. The Paramount Chief of Ashanti,* OTUMFUO SIR OSEI AGYEMEN PREMPEH II, K.B.E., *departs*

John Milton from the lips of the noble savage? Nothing surprises in this assembly of kaleidoscopic contrasts, where a pop-eyed native boy, dangling his feet eight inches from the floor, sits between a stern-faced Scottish spinster and a Major-General.

In no other place at no other time is such a scene imaginable—a blending of raucous colours with traditional tints: the barbaric splendour of Africa (with inevitable undertones of juju, head-hunting, the distant tom-tom, human sacrifice) and the solid British pageantry to which belong Beefeaters, the Town Crier and the Lord Mayor's Coach.

Electric fans burr, fluttering Procedure Papers on four hundred and twenty pairs of knees: 'Opening of the New Legislative Council for the Gold Coast Colony and Ashanti, 23 July 1946.' In the formal phrases that follow, the historic moment might be missed. Not so in the Message from His Majesty King George VI that has just been read. 'I wish to convey an assurance to my people in the Gold Coast of my interest in the progress of their political evolution, of which the inauguration of a Council with an unofficial majority is signal evidence. It is a source of gratification to me that it has been found possible to entrust the people themselves, through their elected representatives, with a wider measure of control of their own affairs.'

## RUSTLE OF ANTICIPATION

There was a rustle of anticipation and a clink of bracelets when the Governor spoke the royal sentences. Africans and Europeans sitting side by side in the George V Memorial Hall at Accra were proud that the Gold Coast should now have a Constitution in which, for the first time, there was an African majority.

As the King's Message finishes, a trumpet fanfare sounds from outside. All eyes are fixed on the Governor. In dark blue uniform, with silver epaulettes, his chest bright with medals and the red and blue sash of the Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, he occupies a tall, carved chair on a small dais. Before him is a high narrow desk of the same design; above him a silver lion and unicorn on a sky-blue background. Some

yards to his left sits his *aide-de-camp*, in khaki with Sam Browne belt. On the Governor's right is the Clerk of the Council—a young-looking African wearing the white uniform of a district officer, with gilt and black gorgets on his collar and a sword at his side.

### THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL

A low barrier of fluted dark and light wood runs from each side of the dais two-thirds of the way down the hall. Within this rectangle, in front of the Governor, sit the thirty members of the Legislative Council, facing one another in two rows like a choir. Immediately below the dais are the six Official Members—the Acting Colonial Secretary, three Chief Commissioners and the Financial Secretary, all in white dress uniform with decorations, together with the Attorney-General, distinctive in his black robes and grey, full-bottomed wig. Most of the remaining twenty-four members are Africans—the formal dark clothes of the commoners a foil to the brilliant colours of the robes worn by the Chiefs, whose names are as picturesque as their appearance. Among them is Nana Tsibu Darku IX, the Omanhene of Assin Atandaso, now at forty-four a member of the Council since 1932—a stalwart, restless and dynamic speaker whose sumptuous jewellery jangles softly as he removes his glasses to emphasise a point, or fumbles among the papers in his light pig-skin brief-case before suggesting an amendment. After concluding his speech of thanks for the King's Message, in perfectly turned phrases, with the words, 'God Save the King—and the British Empire', he resumes his seat with dignity, comfortably kicking off his gold-embroidered sandals beneath the table.

Other members are Nenu Azzu Mate Kole, the Konor of Manya Krobo, formerly an inspector in the Gold Coast Police Force, from whose State Treasury is paid annually over £4,500 for education and £2,600 for health services; Nana Frampong Manso II, the Omanhene of Akim Kotoku, once in the Forestry Department; Nana Amanfi III, C.M.G., M.B.E., the Omanhene of Asebu, who in 1944 was awarded the King's Medal for Chiefs. But the greatest chief of all does not sit within the rectangle that encloses the Legislative Council, although four members from his State are there to represent him—three of whom are commoners.

He is Otumfuo (All-Powerful) Sir Osei (the Destroyer) Agyemen (the Saviour of the Nation) Prempeh II, K.B.E. When he came down to Accra two days before from his own country, people of other tribes went great distances to watch out for his train. The Accra police force turned out in strength to control the excited crowds that awaited his arrival at the station; earlier in the day another special train had arrived bringing his servants—just over a thousand of them—who were put up in a camp once inhabited by the American Air Force. Many of these newcomers rushed straight to the beach, nervously dipping their fingers in the surf to discover whether the water was hot or cold, for they had never set eyes on the sea before. Nor, presumably, had their master, Sir Osei Prempeh II, King of the Ashanti—or more correctly, the Asantahene (no 'sh', please).

By centuries-old custom, the ruler of the Ashanti, whose capital is Kumasi, has never left his kingdom to come south of the Prah River, which divides his realm from the Gold Coast

*Sartorial Contrast.* ARTHUR LEWEY, K.C., *Attorney-General, and despatch-case carrier. The latter bears on college blazer 'piano-key crest', denoting harmony between black and white*

Colony (myth alleges that some remote Asantahene perished on its banks), except Prempeh I, uncle of the present monarch, banished by the British to the Seychelles in 1896. For hundreds of years the warrior Ashanti came down like a wolf on the fold to despoil the Ga people of Accra and their neighbours.

Today, after propitiating his ancestors with certain sacrifices for the innovation, Prempeh II is goggled at by a vast crowd of Africans and Europeans as his black Humber (with a symbolic golden porcupine painted on its *tonneau*) brings him to the opening of the Legislative Council. Not only is it the first time that an Asantahene has crossed the Prah—it is also the first time that the Ashanti have been represented on the Council. Vanquished in the 'nineties, they were treated hitherto as a conquered nation. Now they have equal status with the Ga, Fante, Ewe and other peoples of the Gold Coast Colony—progressing a further step towards self-government.

Under their scarlet, green, purple, magenta, yellow, heliotrope and orange umbrellas (large as the striped shades over seaside tea-tables) the Colony chiefs have greeted the Asantahene before he entered the hall. Unlike the others, he does not wear an elaborate headdress, but a simple band of cloth round his forehead which he removes within the Legislative Chamber. Envious glances, however, fall on the thirty or forty golden bracelets on his right arm, and the two golden doves, each four inches across, on the second finger of both hands.

There is plenty of competition in splendour this morning. The lesser chiefs try to outdo one another with startling coiffures and festoons of gold and silver chains. The Paramount Chiefs affect a more expensive simplicity.

Now that the opening formalities of the Council are completed, there is time to look around while the Colonial and Financial Secretaries answer members' questions about the disease of swollen shoot in cocoa plants and the length of African nurses' night duty.

Outside the barrier that fences in the Council members are two rows of seats for distinguished visitors. To the left of the Governor, a group that includes his wife and ex-members of the Council; to the right, three judges whose grey wigs and scarlet robes are identical, but whose faces are brown, white and black. Down the length of the hall, between the barrier and the walls, sit the distinguished spectators (with a privileged minority in a gallery above)—Directors of Education and Agriculture, Conservators of Forests, Generals, Air Commodores and Police Commissioners in white or well-washed khaki drill uniforms—many with their wives in garden-party frocks and hats beside them—interspersed with chiefs, 'souls' and 'linguists', clad exotically and carrying symbols of office. The chiefs' 'souls' are small boys of eight or ten—combining their more sublime significance with the duties of a page. The 'linguists' were once intermediaries who repeated everything said to the potentate into his private ear, and then repeated back to the commoner what had been said *sotto voce* to them by their master—a process which saved the royal dignity, and allowed time for thought. Each 'linguist' carries a rod—something like a bishop's crozier—surmounted by a golden elephant, head of corn, crescent moon or other emblem.

The white cock's feathers on the Governor's hat flutter in the whir of the electric fan on the dais as he leaves the Chamber in a church-like silence. An instant later, babel breaks loose in Ga, Twi, Fante, Ewe, English. Hereditary robes of violet and azure velvet jostle with tropical suits, summer frocks with Manchester cloths printed in medallions of John Wesley or Allied flags.

The throng presses to the doors of the hall, trying to obtain a glimpse of the detachment of 'Glover's horse'—with their uniforms and pennants of red and green more resembling Bengal lancers than mounted police—which rides ahead of the Governor's car.

A district officer and his wife are admiring the massive ear-rings worn by some Omanhene or other.

'Of course,' says the burly African as his car comes up to the steps of the hall, 'there's one thing both British and Africans like about these occasions—the dressing-up. Can I give you a lift?'

## Q. E. D.!

The Rev. John Lubikula of the Congo, a father of six children, spoke to the Conference. His theme was the equality of men and women. 'To those who use the Old Testament to excuse polygamy and female subservience,' he said, 'woman was created out of a rib of Adam. Had a bone been taken from the foot, that would imply female subservience. Had a bone been taken from the head, that would imply female dominance. But the bone was from the middle, so equality follows.'

12 *Nigerian Eastern Mail*

# THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

### The Bathurst Federal Convention

THE People's Federal Convention, held at Bathurst during the week beginning 16th and ending 21st November, 1896, may be justly described as constituting an important landmark in the history of the agitation for the establishment of a Federal Government in Australia. This description of a Federal Demonstration not surrounded with the halo of government rank and authority, will, no doubt, cause surprise in some quarters.

### General Work

THE principal work done was the consideration and discussion of all the debatable sections of the Commonwealth Bill framed by the Sydney Convention in 1891.

### A Campaign of Education

THE best bit of strategy on the Republican side in the U.S. Presidential Election campaign was the assumption that the voters in the great states of the Middle West needed first of all clear and definite information on the questions at issue, and that this information must come to them in some way or another before any effort could be made to secure their votes for the gold standard in November. Accordingly, all the leaflets and pamphlets which were sent out from the Chicago headquarters were brief and clear expositions of the currency question phrased in direct and simple language, and remarkably free from the ordinary 'bluff and bluster' of the traditional campaign document, as well as from every form of appeal to prejudice and passion. *U.S. Review of Reviews*

### The International Situation

RUSSIA is now recognised by all as the predominant factor of the situation. Whatever other effects the Tsar's trip may have had, it has brought home to the dullest appreciation the important fact that the hegemony of Europe has passed away from Germany to her north-eastern neighbour. This important change took place long before it became visible to all. The recent travels of Nicholas II merely revealed the fact that the Tsar is at present the arbiter of war and peace, while he or his successor is believed to be destined to become one day the lawgiver of Europe and of Asia. . . At present, supported by the mightiest army, she is absolutely invulnerable, and virtually irresistible.

E. J. Dillon in *Contemporary Review*

### Our Unfulfilled Duty to Cyprus

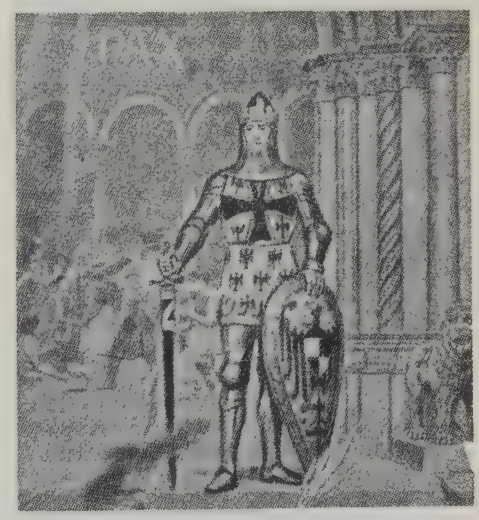
AGAINST any proposal to abandon Cyprus, Mr. Edward G. Browne pleads hard in the *New Review*. 'England's duty to Cyprus,' he argues, 'has not been done.' We have given her justice and liberty, but we have taxed her far more unmercifully than the Turk. At the same time, largely owing to French and other protective tariffs, the wine trade of Cyprus and her agriculture have suffered a sore depression. We have made few roads, and not a single railway, and have arranged no regular steamboat service. And, worst of all, over and above the heavy cost of administration, we exact a 'tribute' to Turkey of £63,000 a year, which is really paid over to bondholders. Yet the island is fertile enough to pay her way, even under this fearful load.

Edward G. Browne in *New Review*

### Mrs. Phelps' New Creed

I BELIEVE in women, and in their right to their own best possibilities in every department of life. I believe that the methods of dress practised among women are a marked hindrance to the realisation of these possibilities, and that they should be scorned or persuaded out of society.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in *McClure's Magazine*



[*The* KAISER *sees himself as a true knight on guard before the Temple of Peace*]

# SCIENCE DOUBLE SPREAD

## (2) THE PEACEFUL HARNESSING OF ATOMIC ENERGY

**DR. H. A. SKINNER,** of the University of Manchester

ACCORDING to a recent Press report, the Bury (Lancs.) Town Council gave serious consideration to a proposal that a forthcoming extension in the township's electricity supply should be achieved by utilising energy from a nuclear fission process. The Council decided that the time is not yet ripe for the adoption of so ambitious a project, and Bury will continue to produce its electricity for some years at least by burning coal. There is little doubt that the decision was a correct one: but in other towns and cities which, unlike Bury, are far removed from an abundant supply of coal or oil, we may well see, in ten years' time, the successful operation of power stations driven by atomic energy. For there is no question that the production of electrical power from a nuclear fission process is technically feasible. General L. R. Groves, of the Manhattan District organisation in Washington, who appointed a committee in 1944 to investigate the possible peacetime uses of nuclear energy, has announced plans for the construction and operation of a pilot electrical plant, using atomic fuel, which has been designed at the University of Chicago.

*Comparatively simple chemical manipulations are being carried out behind a thick concrete wall, but the remote control mechanisms are quite complicated. Observation is by periscope set into the wall in such a manner that there is no direct route by which gamma rays can reach the operator.*

The energy liberated by a nuclear fission process manifests itself in the form of heat, but the order of magnitude of the heat evolution is different from that in even the most exothermic of normal chemical reactions. Thus, whereas the heat evolved by burning one gramme of carbon amounts to 8,000 calories, and the combustion of one gramme of crude petroleum liberates 11,500 calories, the nuclear fission of one gramme of uranium-235 (U-235) is accompanied by the evolution of some twenty billion calories of heat. If it were possible to convert the heat energy from an atomic furnace consuming U-235 at a rate of 1 lb. per day into electrical energy, it would generate electricity at a rate of approximately 100,000 kilowatts: this is sufficient to provide the lighting of a large city.

The explosion of an atomic bomb presents one method by which scientists have been able to liberate the prodigious quantities of energy locked up in the U-235 atom. This form of liberation takes place in a fraction of a second, and is far too violent to be of practical use for other than purely destructive purposes. The peaceful utilisation of atomic energy demands a far less violent method of liberation than that occurring in the atomic bomb. The disintegration processes must needs be slowed down in some way. The apparatus in which the slow disintegration of U-235 can be carried out under controlled conditions has been christened the 'Atomic Pile'.

Natural uranium is a mixture of three isotopes, U-234, U-235 and U-238, of which the latter is by far the most abundant, being present to the extent of 99.3 per cent. The behaviour of U-238 and U-235 towards neutrons differs in that the U-238 absorbs neutrons without undergoing fission, finally to produce plutonium atoms, whereas U-235 undergoes explosive fission, splitting up into smaller fragments and simultaneously throwing off two or more new, fast-moving neutrons. In a mass of pure U-235, the disintegration process, once started, will continue

with ever-increasing velocity, for as each U-235 atom splits up, it produces new neutrons which continue the splitting process in other U-235 atoms. But in a mass of ordinary uranium, some of the neutrons liberated by the disintegration of U-235 atoms are absorbed, without regeneration, by the U-238 atoms. To keep the disintegration process in a mass of ordinary uranium 'ticking over' at a convenient and controllable rate is a delicate problem of adjustment of the proportion of U-235 atoms to other non-fissionable matter. The atomic pile is an apparatus in which ordinary uranium, or slightly enriched uranium, admixed with graphite or heavy water, or some other 'moderator', is disintegrated by a steady reaction giving plutonium as one of the products, and liberating heat at a steady rate.

The operation of an atomic pile presents many problems in chemical engineering. Not least are the hazards arising from the highly radioactive by-products of the nuclear disintegrations. From each pound of uranium undergoing fission, very nearly a pound of radioactive by-products results. These are more radioactive than is radium itself, for they have shorter half-life periods. Moreover, the disintegration process is continually accompanied by an emission of neutrons and highly penetrating $\gamma$-rays. It would be impossible for an unprotected human being to remain unaffected in such surroundings, and it is therefore necessary to build concrete shields, at least five feet thick, around an atomic pile before it can be operated. All adjustments to the pile whilst in operation must be made by remote control devices. Periodically, the pile must be rid ('decontaminated') of all products of fission, otherwise the slow chainreaction will come to a standstill. It should be apparent that in these circumstances, the atomic pile is *not* a mobile piece of apparatus, but a solid, fixed and reasonably large-sized structure.

The heat produced by an atomic pile could be converted into work by using it to drive some suitable engine. There are several possibilities, one of which would be to operate a turbine in a secondary circuit which is heated indirectly from the primary circuit through a heat exchanger. So far, atomic piles have been operated at low temperatures, with very low thermodynamic efficiency, mainly with the object of making plutonium. The efficiency of the pile as a furnace can only be increased by operating it at much higher temperatures. The raising of the operation temperature introduces new and difficult problems of research and development, and it may be some time before an efficient atomic furnace and heat exchanger system is devised.

None the less, we can conceive that in twenty to thirty years' time there will be large central installations in which great amounts of power will be produced by nuclear fission and transformed into electrical energy or steam for power consumption. It is particularly in those regions where coal, oil or water-power is strictly limited that one might expect to see such large-scale developments. Before the war the U.S.S.R. experimented with an air-line from Moscow to New York via the North-Pole: the prospect of atomic power makes it a reasonable proposition to build an air-station in the polar regions, which in turn, increases the practicability of the polar air-route.

From the economic standpoint, it is probable that the ultimate costs of power from uranium will be less than from coal or oil. According to the Smyth Report, the cost of uranium in 1943 was about £5 per lb. One lb. of natural uranium contains 1-140th part of U-235, and 1 lb. of U-235 is equivalent to 1,500 tons of coal, costing from £2,500–£5,000. In terms of energetic equivalence, the raw materials for atomic power are less costly than coal by a factor of five or more. On the other hand, the costs of construction and operation of a uranium pile are considerable, so that it is doubtful if there is any great economy gained. Even if the cost of atomic power were to become virtually nil, there remain the costs of distribution of the central power—and past experience has proved that power-distribution costs are at least as high as production costs. It would be unwise, therefore, to forecast an era of extremely cheap power in the near future.

Theoretically, the uranium fission process is not a particularly efficient nuclear reaction to use for the production of energy, for it corresponds to the destruction of only 1-10th of one per cent of the total mass. Should scientists find some other controllable nuclear reaction in which the conversion to energy of even a few per cent of the matter of some common material occurs, the whole problem of atomic power production will be raised to an entirely new level. But to date there are no indications of such a development.

Weighed in the balance of good or evil, there is no doubt that the liberation of nuclear energy provides greater possibilities for waging destructive war than of building productive peace. The major problems are not scientific and technical (although these certainly exist), but are social and political in character. Thinking men must face up to this challenge with the courage of certain conviction that peace and plenty are attainable in this atomic age *only* if the causes of war, and the mutual suspicions and hatreds of the past, are completely eradicated.

# WASHINGTON IRVING'S THE SKETCH BOOK

## REVIEWED BY AUBREY NOAKES

WASHINGTON IRVING (1783–1859)

It has been boldly suggested that George Washington was an English squire whose estates merely happened to be in Virginia. True enough that Englishmen probably come nearer to understanding him than his own countrymen, for whilst he is perfunctorily reverenced by Americans, he does not warm their hearts in the same way as Lincoln and the Roosevelts do. In comparison with Old Abe and his homespun philosophy, or with the glittering smile and radiant friendliness of the late President, Washington appears to them austere and somehow cold. Yet, as we know, Washington was a warm-blooded man, with his strong passions disciplined by tremendous will-power and brought into line with the traditions of reserve and good breeding in which he had been reared in Virginia.

From this the plain fact emerges that Washington's standards were English rather than what has since come to be recognised as American ones, although that amusingly anti-British writer, Senator Lodge, suggests that the misunderstanding of Washington has arisen because he was not a nineteenth-century but an eighteenth-century American. Even so, the eighteenth-century American is much more like a modern Englishman than anything in the States today.

The 'American' Revolution had been fought under the leadership of the gentry, who possessed most of the learning, talent and wealth. Even the election of Jefferson meant a change of policy only. The upper classes retained their ascendancy, and the country was still dominantly English in its social composition and intellectual habits.

As we look upon the rich diversity, the tremendous vigour, and creative energy displayed in the contemporary American literary and artistic scene, the questions naturally suggest themselves: When did the Americans discover themselves? When did they cease to cling to the cultural apron-strings of the mother-country? When did they consciously strike a new note?

Satisfactory answers to these questions are to be found in Mr. Van Wyck Brooks' recently published and delightful volume, *The World of Washington Irving*, in which the date is set at 1800, roughly. Mr. Brooks describes with polished assurance the work of the heterogeneous but gifted group in which Irving moved: a group which included such figures as Fenimore Cooper, Edgar Allan Poe, and William Cullen Bryant. With others, they formed a literary circle in New York, whilst in New England and in the south and west other significant literary movements were beginning to take shape. Mr. Brooks has already told the story of the New England developments in his earlier and classic books, *The Flowering of New England* and *New England: Indian Summer*—but these do not concern us here.

### THE NEW COMMUNITY

One of the busiest men in early nineteenth-century New York was William Dunlap, general handyman of the arts—painter, playwright, novelist, diarist and priceless gossip. Here style was certainly the man. As a writer he was slovenly, discursive and garrulous, yet a tireless collector of anecdotes and facts. He had studied art under Benjamin West in London, and his short biographies of early American painters, for example, contain a great deal of valuable material which might otherwise have been lost. As manager of the Park Theatre, New York, Dunlap gamely attempted to foster the serious drama in a new community, finding an unexpected champion in Washington Irving, who was contributing a series of newspaper articles to the New York *Morning Chronicle*, under the pseudonym of 'Jonathan Oldstyle'. Irving satirised the conditions against which Dunlap was fighting, and the manager saw in the young writer (he was barely twenty years of age) a spirited and invaluable ally. Like many another bright young fellow, Irving was irresistibly drawn towards the stage, and

liked being mixed up in theatrical affairs and hanging around stage doors. He even wrote a play.

Irving was a shrewd observer of life in the growing city. He liked to meander and dream on the banks of the Hudson, and explore the old Dutch farms and pastoral valleys. In the Sleepy Hollow church, the minister still preached in Dutch, and the prevailing tone was anti-British. Irving loved the English tradition, however, and was merely amused by the Dutch, although their legends fascinated him. Meanwhile, on journeys up the Hudson, taking his gun and his flute, Irving grew familiar with all the surrounding country. He knew Saratoga and Ballston Spa, little places in the forest, where the old traders' stores were converted into ballrooms.

The late Earl of Kenmare (better known as Castlerosse, the gossip-writer) once remarked about his novelist-relation, Maurice Baring: 'I sometimes think that Uncle Maurice only sees the beautiful things in life.' One carries away a similar impression after reading Washington Irving. By nature and temperament he was urbane, pleasant and good-natured. The gods saw fit that his delightful talents should flower easily and with a becoming grace. There were to be no years of neglect, no starving in garrets, to blur the edges of a charmed life.

He was the son of a Scottish merchant who had settled in New York some time before the Revolution, in a house in William Street, surrounded by a garden full of apricot and plum trees. Irving was one of a large and flourishing family. He grew up a debonair and attractive young man and a great favourite with his older brothers, who prospered early in life and took a delight in making things easy for him. They were troubled about his health and, fearing consumption, packed him off on a leisurely European health tour. Occasionally they ventured a criticism. They felt that young Washington was more concerned about meeting amusing people than in advancing his own studies and interests.

Yet in his own way he was serving an invaluable apprenticeship to Letters. He followed a careful plan in keeping a travel-journal, and determined at the same time to master the art of writing with ease and accuracy. He made character-sketches of odd types encountered on the journey. He was captured by Mediterranean pirates (who released him when they discovered he was carrying letters to the Governor of Malta), danced in Paris, gambolled in Sicily, and travelled across robber-infested Italian mountains. He visited the homes of great personages at Naples, Florence and Rome, where he met Madame de Staël, Canova, and Humboldt. He saw Mrs. Siddons in London, Talma in Paris, and made a study of the Elizabethan drama. Back in New York, he was delighted to find magazines, plays and books fast multiplying, and a widely appreciative public for the works of Sir Walter Scott, Campbell and Thomas Moore.

Incidentally—and this word 'incidentally' is the exact one to use here—Irving had studied law. The details are unimportant. As a lawyer he is said to have had one client, whom he left in the lurch. Nevertheless, his ever-agreeable brothers were glad to keep him going, and even made him a nominal partner in their law firm in order that he might have sufficient leisure to follow his bent.

## A PLEASANT EXISTENCE

Irving led an extremely pleasant existence, taking long trips to country houses along the Hudson and getting around New York. In the taverns, particularly at Dyde's in Park Row, and a porter house in John Street, where the floors were sprinkled with sand from Coney Island, the talk was invariably brilliant, and in these taverns, as Mr. Brooks says, 'clever young men could almost feel that they were in Fleet Street or Covent Garden, for most of their thoughts as writers had a colour of London.'

In 1815 Irving drifted over to England, with no particular plans in mind beyond a vague interest in the Liverpool branch of the family business. This business failed. Yet the gods did not entirely forsake their favourite. They had seen fit that a sister of Washington's should be living at Birmingham, in a style befitting the wife of a prosperous merchant, and that their house should form a congenial and timely place of retreat to him.

He was thirty-two years of age and felt that, as yet, he had done little of any consequence. With his artist-friend, Charles Leslie, he set out on a stage coach for Oxford, Leslie busily sketching and Irving joyously writing during the journey. Irving was in high spirits and read aloud the story to Leslie, in fragments as he wrote it. Irving visited Scott at Abbotsford when 'the master' was busily engaged on *Rob Roy*. Scott had not, of course, at that time acknowledged his authorship of the *Waverley Novels*. He seemed to have nothing to do but amuse his American visitor.

In London Irving browsed in the British Museum, and roamed through Little Britain, Smithfield, Southwark, Westminster Abbey, Cock Lane, the Guildhall, and poky little alleys in the City. He was charmed by it all—these symbols of his ancestry. It was a homecoming with a subtle difference. With his antiquarian tastes and liking for old customs, he was a natural

Tory, and loved to delve into ancient English writers, collecting ditties and drinking-songs which recalled a merrier and bygone England.

All these things are described with great charm in *The Sketch Book*, Irving's best-known work, which also contains, as well as the essays on English ways and customs, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, *Rip Van Winkle*, and the sad tale of *Philip of Pokanoket*, the Indian chief.

## HELP FROM SCOTT

It is worth noting that Irving's stay in England coincided with the turbulent post-war period after Waterloo, and that it was the failure of his family business which hustled him into serious, professional authorship. He needed money. At first he had kept notes and memoranda for a leisurely planned series, to be completed at a future date. Financial circumstances led to a change of plan. The sketches were sent piecemeal to the United States, where they were published in portions or numbers. It was not Irving's original intention to publish them in book-form in England, 'being conscious that much of their contents could be interesting only to American readers, and, in truth, being deterred by the severity with which American productions had been treated in the British press.' It was largely due to the practical help of Sir Walter Scott that *The Sketch Book* was published in London under the imprint of John Murray in 1820.

The combination of the widespread social upheaval and his private financial troubles should have bred a shrewd awareness of conditions in England. But no! In *The Sketch Book* we discover an idealised country where old customs linger in a fond state of preservation; where red-faced squires rode to hounds, sang rollicking songs, and administered their estates with a genial benevolence; where life revolved easily around manor houses and picturesque village churches—those pagan Valhallas from which the images of the saints had been removed, and their places taken by the incongruous monuments of departed and self-gloried gentry.

Irving could even be lyrical about travelling by stage coach in the depths of winter—and in Yorkshire! The coach was crowded with Christmas passengers and loaded with hampers of game, baskets, and boxes of delicacies. 'I had three fine, rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home from the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment.' He was greatly interested in the English coachmen of the day, 'who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves.'

Once more the gods smiled upon him, and led him to a chance encounter with Frank Bracebridge, an old friend, at a village inn, where the coach had let him down. Irving was invited to stay at the family mansion of the Bracebridges. 'It is better than eating a solitary Christmas dinner at an inn,' said Frank, 'and I can assure you of a hearty welcome in something of the old-fashioned style.'

There follows an idealised description of an English Christmas in 'the good old days', brilliant in its carefully assembled mass of detail. Everything is here—the wassail bowl, the Yule log, the boar's head crowned with rosemary, the waits, holly, mistletoe, morris-dancers, mummers and carols. Irving listened with sympathy to Squire Bracebridge's analysis of contemporary ills and his simple remedy. 'The nation is altered,' said the Squire. 'We have almost lost our simple, true-hearted peasantry. They have broken asunder from the higher classes, and seem to think their interests are separate. They have become too knowing, and begin to read newspapers, listen to ale-house politicians, and talk of reform. I think one mode to keep them in good humour in these hard times would be for the nobility and gentry to pass more time on their estates, mingle more among the country people, and set the merry game going again.'

It has not been my intention to go into detail about Irving's life, but merely to describe the background and conditions against which the various stories and essays which make up *The Sketch Book* were written. He had previously published one book, his Knickerbocker *History of New York*, in 1809, and thrown off the 'Jonathan Oldstyle' articles. He was subsequently to publish a large number of books and enjoy an international reputation of an extraordinary and personal nature. His fame today rests principally on his delightful and fanciful essays, although much might be said of his skill as a biographer. His last important work was the *Life of Washington*, and his *Columbus*, in spite of the findings of later scholars, is still an important, as well as a beautifully written, book. He was seventy-six years of age when he died in 1859, thus his writing life covered the first half of the nineteenth century. We have seen how he was able to build up the framework and background of his later work in a leisurely, gentleman-like fashion, largely owing to the practical help and sympathy of his brothers, who appear to have realised that their amusing young brother possessed important and vital gifts which would, given time, show themselves. Posterity owes them an immeasurable

*This picture of* GEORGE WASHINGTON *and* LAFAYETTE *at Mount Vernon shows how Washington preserved the English way of life. Washington Irving, though in a transitional period, had equal reverence for the old English ways*

debt of gratitude. We have spoken fancifully of Irving enjoying the favour of the gods, yet the analogy is irresistible. This favour extended beyond death. His charmed, bachelor existence was rounded off with an appropriate burial in the Sleepy Hollow which he had immortalised.

## ROOTS IN THE 'OLD COUNTRY'

Irving was proud to be an American, and his deep affection for England sprang from his lively realisation that in the 'Old Country' lay not only his own ancestral roots but those of the United States. In a remarkable essay on 'English Writers in America' he protested in a firm, manly way against the misrepresentations of his country by coarse English writers, carpet-baggers, and wandering mechanics, who returned home with tales that America was a wilderness inhabited by boors. He expressed wonder that credence should be given to their slanders, since the themes which America offered for contemplation 'are too vast and elevated for their capacities. The national character is yet in a state of fermentation; it may have its frothiness and sediment, but its ingredients are sound and wholesome; it has already given proofs of powerful and generous qualities; and the whole promises to settle down into something substantially excellent. But the causes which are operating to strengthen and ennoble it, and its daily indication of admirable properties, are all lost upon these purblind observers, who are only affected by the little asperities incident to its present situation.'

*The Sketch Book* made a great impression on its first appearance in England, and did much to remove lingering prejudices against a former enemy country. As Irving himself wittily remarked, the English were as much surprised to find an American writing about their institutions and customs as if a Chinese had expressed himself in pure English.

It would be easy to be superficially bright about Irving's *Sketch Book;* to speak of it as 'required reading' for Hollywood directors of films about English life; to satirise his manner of seeing England through a romantic 'Miniver-like' haze at a time when the dear old country was, in fact, going through a series of political and social disorders. But, surely, it would be churlish to quarrel on account of a few miserable historical facts known to us, with Irving's pictures of English life, observed and described with such unabashed partiality and love. Who are we to destroy an illusion so charming, so artfully fabricated and well meant?

Shall we leave it at that? Or should we go further, and argue that perhaps Irving was instinctively right in his deliberate avoidance of passing tumults, in seeking in legend and poetry, in time-honoured customs and rural backwaters, the secret springs of our enduring national spirit?

# NEW BOOKS

### ENTERPRISE FIRST

By William Wallace, M.Com.(Lond.)
*Longmans, Green & Co.* 8s. 6d.

The most obvious yet urgent problem of democratic government today is how in a complex modern society the organising power of the state can be linked with individual initiative to produce efficiency and justice whilst preserving liberty. In this timely and topical book the author brings the light of reason and experience to bear on this vital issue. Mr. Wallace has unique qualifications for the task he has undertaken; for not only has he had, as an industrial executive (but not a capitalist), wide practical experience of the problems of private industry, but also, as a director at the Ministry of Food, similar first-hand experience of the Civil Service and the machinery of government. In addition, he has attained a first in Law and, as Master of Commerce at London University, been a lecturer in industrial economics. The result is a book of shrewd analysis, combined with constructive proposals unbiased by narrowness of outlook or theoretical ideologies.

Mr. Wallace is the first to admit that the sphere of the state must inevitably be greatly increased, both in order to cope with the gigantic post-war economic problems and to achieve a greater degree of economic democracy. He is concerned with the means of accomplishing this without loss of efficiency, upon which a higher standard of living depends, or loss of that freedom 'without which the people perish.' In brief: 'Any industry, whatever its nature or form, and whether publicly or privately operated, should be so based, organised and operated as to serve the widest interest of the community—the difficulty is that so few people who are not actually in control of industry really know, or can know, the actual nature of the problems, their range and intricacy and the qualities required to deal with them.' They are able, as Lord Woolton once said, to approach the subject with a mind unbiased by experience!

Whether ownership or control is private or public—a question to be decided on its merits —the vital contribution to efficiency is that indefinable thing called *enterprise*. The key man is not the 'manager' or 'technician' who can manage a particular going concern, but the man who can conceive of the concern before it is going or the effect of changes in it before they are put through. Therefore any organisation must provide conditions in which the exceptional man, the unorthodox man, the man willing to take risks, can operate effectively. 'The sphere of the state must in practice be confined to painting the broad background, laying down the governing conditions, collecting facts, setting the objectives, co-ordinating the inter-relation of industries, and seeing that the results are in the broad interests of the consumer and the community as a whole.' Where the state intervenes in the actual operation of industry, it should be done in a way which leaves the greatest practicable degree of initiative and responsibility to those in the particular industry concerned. Efficiency depends upon the force, initiative and enterprise that the individual can be induced to display.

Mr. Wallace goes into much detail as to how this may be accomplished. Whilst rejecting nationalisation as a universal panacea on the ground that it would, amongst other things, logically and inevitably lead to regimentation, disappearance of effective trade unionism and permanent direction of labour, he admits the need for public ownership in certain specific cases, not as an ideal but as a regrettable necessity beset with dangers. He emphasises the fact that this should be accomplished through the medium of public corporations free from day-to-day parliamentary or treasury control, with experts as directors, but responsible ultimately to a minister. There should be an Economic General Staff without executive or administrative functions, but rather to collate and co-ordinate facts for the formulation of strategic economic policy. In addition, there should be a Ministry of Industry, staffed by a new class of Industrial Civil Servant with practical experience of industry. A chapter on the Civil Service, whilst crediting its members with integrity and intelligence, shows clearly why, by reason of its function as administrator of the law and its terms of reference, it is bound to be governed by precedent and red tape, and is therefore quite unsuited to run industry. The new Ministry would advise industries of the general economic background, be the over-all government link with private industry, and would encourage and assist industries to carry out the government's long-term economic policy. It would have power of control only within the limits of a broad, legal code of 'right practices' for industry bringing up to date the old common law against 'restraint of

trade'. It would have authority to license arrangements made, in special cases, by industrial bodies which would otherwise be breaking the law. Appeal would lie to the Courts against such a department's decisions. This in itself is an important pre-requisite in securing the 'rule of law' as against the 'law of rule'. In the case of industries in which the interest of the consumer was safeguarded by genuine competition, a Trade Association with voluntary membership would be the link with the government. In cases where 'restrictive agreements' of some kind were considered to be justifiable or necessary—as they sometimes are—there would be a permanent Industrial Board composed of leading representatives of the industry, staffed by a technical Civil Service and with a Ministry representative who would have power to over-ride any decision felt to be outside the terms of the licence under which it was operating. The methods described above would prove more satisfactory than a tribunal to enquire into monopolistic practices. It would secure 'supervised self-government' with least detriment to flexibility and enterprise. 'For if the state is to allow private enterprise to play the game within the rules, it can claim the right to lay down the rules and to nominate the referee!'

It is a pity that the author has withheld his opinion —as he states, deliberately—as to which industries could with benefit be nationalised. The question of the 'ripeness' of industries for inclusion in this dangerous experiment is one which, to put it mildly, provokes much difference of opinion. Moreover, in dealing with the question of enterprise and efficiency, one would have liked his views on the various schemes of co-partnership, profit-sharing and joint consultation designed to give the employee more status and interest, and improve industrial relations—surely an important aspect? However it is difficult to over-praise a book containing so much that is realistic and constructive. It should be resolutely avoided by all those 'doctrinaires' who wish to avoid the disillusionment entailed in examining the indirect repercussions and administrative difficulties that gape behind the comforting phrases of political and economic theorists. It should be read by all those who wish intelligently to share in this country's task of demonstrating to the world that there is an effective, practicable compromise which uses the organising power of the state and the initiative of the free individual to create a society which avoids both the unfreedom of state totalitarianism and the outworn (and unworkable) system of unfettered, 'knock-about' individualism.

GEORGE LOWTHER

## THE PERENNIAL PHILOSOPHY

By Aldous Huxley. *Chatto & Windus.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Aldous Huxley's development from cynical iconoclasm to contemplative religion is one of the most interesting phenomena of modern English literature. Serious implications have always been present even in the most apparently light-hearted and mundane of his works, but it is not easy to identify the author of *Crome Yellow* and *Antic Hay* with the exponent of the Perennial Philosophy. Throughout all its vicissitudes, certain basic characteristics have never ceased to colour his outlook—a curiously deep pessimism and misanthropy, an excessive awareness of and disgust with the baser aspects of human nature, a profound scepticism with regard to modern progress, and a dislike of dogmatism, whether religious or political, Right-Wing or Left. These traits are as firmly rooted as ever—they seem indeed to have been intensified by the years; but the malicious satire and irresponsible cynicism through which Mr. Huxley was wont to express them have given way to a genuine and positive desire to help and persuade, an impulse to provide, not some facile and ephemeral panacea, but an alternative to the general depravity of the world. Already, in *Grey Eminence* and *Time Must have a Stop*, we had some idea of the direction in which his mind was working. In this new work he gives a fuller exposition of the results of his search after truth and ultimate reality.

*The Perennial Philosophy* is an anthology of the mystical writings of every age and faith, designed to illustrate the fundamental unity of belief among all the higher religions (and even, in crude and rudimentary forms, in the thought-systems of the most primitive races). This Highest Common Factor, for which Leibniz coined the phrase *Philosophia Perennis,* is the philosophy that recognises a divine Reality underlying and informing the world of the senses—a Reality which exists in, and is in fact identical with, the essence of each one of us. The final end of man is the unitive knowledge of this divine Reality—'the immanent and transcendent Ground of all being'. In principle, this knowledge is attainable by everyone; but since its achievement depends on the fulfilment of certain very difficult conditions, amounting to the complete annihilation of the self, it has in practice come only to the very few—those who have made themselves 'loving, pure in heart and poor in spirit'. In other words, many are called, but few are chosen, because, Mr. Huxley keeps emphasising, few choose to be chosen.

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*Translated by* E. W. DICKES

Professor Roepke was active in Germany in combating Nazism between 1930 and 1933, when he was at Marburg University. At the end of February 1933, on the day of the Reichstag fire, a speech of his at the funeral of a colleague won him a place in one of the first of Hitler's lists of dismissed university professors.

His new book has had remarkable success in the Swiss and French editions. It has been sought after among the occupying authorities in the British, French, and American Zones, where many hundreds of copies have circulated.

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achieved, in some degree, this direct insight into the nature of divine Reality—the Buddhist and Taoist philosophers, the Upanishads and other Hindu scriptures, the Sufis of Islam, the great Catholic mystics, the Protestant Spiritual Reformers of the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the early Quakers. These selections are accompanied by a commentary in which Mr. Huxley gives his own interpretation of the Perennial Philosophy and its bearing on the problems of the world, and discusses such questions as contemplation and action, religion and temperament, time and eternity, prayer, suffering, charity, spiritual exercises, etc. He anticipates most of the doubts and misgivings of the reader, and his answers are clearly expressed and acutely reasoned. But for all that, one's doubts often remain unallayed. For example, to the objection that contemplation may lead to quietism and hopeless passivity, he replies by acknowledging the danger, but maintains that mystics, both Eastern and European, have been conscious of the necessity of achieving spiritual knowledge 'in the fulness' as well as 'in the heights within'—that is, in the world as well as in the individual soul. Worldly action, however, must not be regarded as an end in itself but merely as a means to the supreme end which is total integration in the Divine Ground. This sounds convincing enough in theory, but Mr. Huxley goes on to point out that in practice only the saint is likely to be able to avoid being corrupted by the necessary and unavoidable preoccupation with things in time which comes from living in this imperfect world. 'For him, there is complete reconciliation to the evanescent and, through that reconciliation, revelation of the eternal. But for nice ordinary unregenerate people the only reconciliation to the evanescent is that of indulged passions, of distractions submitted to and enjoyed.' The path to enlightenment is thus a difficult one indeed, and Mr. Huxley is clearly not very sanguine about the possibilities of successfully negotiating it. Even if one can escape the Scylla of worldliness and self-indulgence, one is, he seems to suggest, practically certain to succumb to the Charybdis of rejection and escape. He himself is obviously inclined towards the latter; thus he prefers the more passive religions, such as Hinduism and Buddhism, to Christianity and Islam, because their theology is less concerned with things in time and they are consequently less violent and less fanatical. He forgets the other side of the picture—the misery and squalor of millions of Indian and Chinese peasants due to neglect of temporal things, and also the more questionable aspects of Hinduism. He is right, of course, to condemn the materialism and fanaticism

of the nations of Christendom, and he gives a persuasive account of the causes which led to the decline of spirituality in the West and the consequent development, to fill the void created by the widespread indifference to Christianity (due largely to its own imperfections), of a multitude of new idolatries, such as nationalism, state-worship, boss-worship and revolution. Mr. Huxley is commendably impartial in his condemnation of the political manifestations of this idolatrous worship of things in time. For him, there is nothing to choose between the revolutionary and the reactionary, because for both the ultimate good is to be found in the temporal world—'in a future where everyone will be happy because all are doing and thinking something either entirely new and unprecedented or, alternatively, something old, traditional and hallowed.'

It is hardly surprising, in view of his low evaluation of the efficacy of purely human solutions to the problems of the world, that Mr. Huxley has few concrete suggestions to make in the sphere of social and political organisation. Only a complete change of heart, better behaviour all round, and a general acceptance of some form of the Perennial Philosophy can, in his view, have any real effect. However, in order in some measure to preserve men from the temptations to which, in the present state of affairs, they are peculiarly subject, he recommends decentralisation, widespread private ownership of land and the means of production, and the abolition of monopoly, whether by state or corporation. As regards power, he seems to agree with Acton that 'all great men are bad' (though he quotes St. François de Sales to show that they need not necessarily be), and concludes, with characteristic pessimism, that 'except by saints, the problem of power is finally insoluble.' The division of political and economic power will, however, render its effects less noxious—'organised and balanced disunity is the necessary condition of liberty.'

*The Perennial Philosophy* is a profoundly interesting and important book which deserves, and will amply repay, careful study. The extracts from the literature of mysticism have been well chosen; though inevitably somewhat esoteric, they are fascinating, significant, and often very beautiful.

Mr. Huxley's commentary is admirably written, and there is no mistaking either the depth and acuteness of his mind or his astonishing erudition. His exposition suffers from his besetting sin, a certain intellectual arrogance, which, coupled with his innate Puritanism and misanthropy, makes his arguments sometimes rather difficult to swallow.


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There is a touch of doctrinaire fanaticism about his verdicts on the wickedness and depravity of humanity. Many who would subscribe to the basic principles of the Perennial Philosophy will find it difficult to accept Mr. Huxley's uncompromising interpretation of it. It is fortunate that his religion does not, apparently, include a hell, for otherwise we should all be condemned to perpetual damnation.

TERENCE KILMARTIN

**BEVIN**

By Trevor Evans. *Allen & Unwin.* 10s. 6d.

This will not be the last, as it is the first, book to be written about Mr. Ernest Bevin, His Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Bevin himself is said to contemplate writing his autobiography at a later stage. If he ever does, he will produce a book which—whatever violence it does to the King's English, which he treats as roughly as Churchill treats French!—will be memorable. And many other biographers will, in due time, take Bevin for their subject. Meantime, this book of Trevor Evans, the very competent Industrial Correspondent of the *Daily Express*, provides an excellent and entertaining introduction to the subject.

Here there is assembled the raw material of judgment of Bevin's career up to the point at which he became Foreign Secretary. Beginning with his boyhood in Devonshire, the story takes us through his early religious awakening; shows how the impulse towards social righteousness, which might have taken him into the Ministry, drove him into social work on behalf of his fellow workers in Bristol; describes his 'adoption' into full-time Trade Union work by that great little man with the gipsy's soul and the tongue of fire, Ben Tillett; takes us through his Trade Union career and the building up of the colossal Transport and General Workers' Union; describes his impact on the wider Trade Union and Labour movement, and the part he played in such great events as the General Strike; and finally takes us to his late arrival on the political stage, and the great work he did as Minister of Labour and National Service. All this is completely done, for Trevor Evans has made the industrial field his own, and in that field has watched Bevin for many years. The activities of Bevin as Foreign Minister, Trevor Evans wisely leaves for a later writer—a much later writer, I hope, for it will be years yet before we can see that work in perspective.

This book is more concerned with narrative than with the passing of judgment. Such judgments as it does pass are limited ones, though I think they are sound. But the book does not, in my opinion, 'get' Mr. Bevin. At the end of the book one knows a good deal more about Bevin's career than one did, but not much more about the essential qualities of the man's soul, which is the really interesting thing about a man. The book has been written with one eye on the Americans, who are curious about our Bevin; and doubtless it will 'go' well in America—for it is a good specimen of the poor-boy-makes-good story which the Americans like. It will sell well here, too, for Bevin is a curiously representative figure, and stands high in order of popularity amongst members of the present Government. But it is by no means the final judgment on Bevin. A later biographer, concerned with the springs of action in the soul, will find the clue to the essential Bevin in a combination of unusual elements.

There are some men who are elevated and magnified by the office they hold. There are others—like Churchill—who magnify any office they hold. There is a third, and very rare, type of man, in relation to whom the office he holds is, so to speak, an indifferent thing. That is one clue to Bevin. Whatever office he has held he has always been, first and foremost, Bevin, being himself. The *man* has been the thing—not the *milieu*. And note, not 'Ernie' or 'Ernest'—but Bevin. The diminutive implies affection, and Bevin does not inspire much of that. The Christian name implies familiarity, and I should doubt if more than a very few are familiar with Bevin. When Trevor Evans has to choose a title for his book, it selects itself. It is 'Bevin'—not 'Ernest Bevin', not 'Mr. Bevin', not 'The Foreign Secretary'—but plain 'Bevin'.

A second clue is an essential simplicity. His approach to problems is never the intellectual theoretical approach. I would be willing to bet that he is not amongst that select company which not only quotes Marx, but has also read him! Experience, and profound reflection upon it, is his guide. From experience he draws the generalisations upon which he bases policy. This gives his life a simple coherence which is often absent from the lives of those who are 'blown hither and thither by every wind of doctrine.' If one read the speeches of say, Mr. Churchill, for every affirmation one would probably be able to find a corresponding denial. I haven't read Bevin's collected speeches, but I should think that, if less eloquent, they would be much more consistent over the years.

A third clue is a massive self-sufficiency. This can spring either from a deep fundamental humility, or an intense egotism. From the frequent

*Detail of Vermeer's* Lady at the Virginals. From Vermeer: *Lady at the Virginals.* Gallery Books. No. 12. *Percy Lund Humphries.* 4s. 6d.

use of the personal pronoun, Bevin is often accused of the second. And it may be that he sees no reason to be ashamed of the handiwork of his Creator. But there is in him a deep humility, too. It is as if at all stages he said: 'This is what life has taught me. To that I cannot be untrue.' This is not egotism, but an admirable fidelity.

A fourth clue is size and growth. Bevin is a big man. The vast, slow-moving body is matched by a big but essentially simple mind. That bigness expresses itself in all he does. It wasn't accident that he built the biggest Union in Britain. It wasn't accident that he built the vast 'Transport House'. It wasn't accident that he—more than anybody else—built the *Daily Herald.* These things were merely the expression of his own size. Had he gone into business he would probably have built a bigger combine than Imperial Chemicals! And with size has gone growth—slow, steady, unhurried growth.

And, finally, there is in him the element of religion. Superficially, you wouldn't think so. But it is my guess that that early Methodist experience left an abiding mark on him as it does on so many of us. His life has been undistracted by the more vulgar and mundane temptations, and his footprints have been the more sure because of that. He can be ruthless and revengeful—his memory for foes is elephantine—but not least in his strong, simple equipment is 'the single eye'.

W. J. BROWN


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### WHERE MAN BELONGS

By H. J. Massingham. *Collins.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Massingham, like other thinking men, has long been disturbed by, and given much thought to, the deep-seated ills that rack and strain this modern age. He sees our industrial civilisation breaking up 'because it has failed to satisfy human needs and has deserted the fundamental laws of human existence on earth': urban man belongs to nowhere and to nothing, and only when he is once more living and working in harmony with nature will the times cease from being out of joint. In essence, his book is a hymn of praise of the rural craftsman and a denunciation of the machinery that has brought forth an urbanism not only bad in itself, but which is corrupting the rural life of this country. In illustration, Mr. Massingham gives us a series of pen-portraits of craftsmen friends—mason-builder, wheelwright, potter, besom-maker, millwright, chairmaker, farmer—who epitomise the rural tradition from which we have so widely departed. As a prelude to these studies are essays on Shakespeare and, surprisingly, Jane Austen, in both of whom he finds an intense ruralism that permeates all their work. In the case of Shakespeare, he sees this not only in the poet's rich imagery drawn from the countryside (and especially Warwickshire), but also in the philosophy running through the plays. Mr. Massingham argues plausibly on this, but not always convincingly.

This is a thoughtful and sincere book, well worth reading, but it leaves one feeling that Mr. Massingham's cure for civilisation's ills may be sound in theory but quite impossible to put into practice. Individually some of us may be able to find that harmony with nature, and would be well advised to try, but how can our vast urban civilisation suddenly scrap its machinery and become absorbed in that ruralism it is now sucking dry?

RAYMOND ANDERSON

### THIEVES IN THE NIGHT

By Arthur Koestler. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

Readers of *The Yogi and the Commissar* and *Darkness at Noon* who have henceforth 'put their names down' for Koestler's next will find their confidence amply justified by *Thieves in the Night*. They will also be fortunate if they secure their copy before the first edition of this interesting, important book, written with a breadth and detachment unique in Zionist propaganda, is

exhausted by Zionists—and particularly the extreme Zionists in that world.

'We cannot afford to see the other man's point,' says his terrorist; Hitler himself could not have put it better. But Mr. Koestler can and frequently does; he surveys his subject through a lens of the widest angle. *Thieves in the Night* starts with the arrival of an immigrant's lorry caravan; and the lives of the immigrants are followed with an objective intimacy and appraising criticism, at once moving and convincing, which somehow envelops most of the characters, whatever their nations—or notions—throughout the book. The description of 'Ezra's Tower'—the colony whose occupation so brilliantly precludes the main thesis: '1500 acres of stones of all sizes. . . But when a Jew returns to this land and sees a stone and says, "This stone is mine", then something snaps in him which has been tense for 2000 years.' The harsh austerities and abstinences of their first years of communal existence: with their relaxations ranging from a Russo-German indulgence in abstract philosophic jargon to the wild abandonment of the *Horra* dance, their financial crises, their conjugal (and non-conjugal) customs, the occasional backslidings of weaker brethren from the land to the town—are sensitively recorded by an acknowledged master of description. Let there be no doubt; this novel, touching with psychological insight upon the Jewish problem which extreme Zionism has temporarily raised to the bad eminence of a world peril is, despite the artistic defect of a point of view, wobbling between the first and the third person, a document of a high significance.

For it is by no means only with the immigrants, the Zionists, or the Jews that the author proves his understanding. His merciless analysis embraces also the various types of Arabs, of British officers (and their wives) with a sometimes cynical aloofness: with a resultant general fairness achieved, as in Forster's *A Passage to India*, by fairly consistent unfairness to all parties concerned. The American journalist 'feared his story would prove unfair to these guys whom, the more he was with them, the more he admired and disliked.' The immigrants, after a while, 'have ceased to be Jews, and become Hebrew peasants. . . Their parents were intense, intent, overstrung, overspiced—they are tasteless, spiceless, unleavened and tough.' There is a savagely humorous description of Tel Aviv that few Gentiles durst have published without fear of legal—perhaps of physical—retribution. And the Arab, though treated with an indulgence thinly veiling contempt, will find his reaction to mass immigration neither burked nor caricatured.

A *brutta figura* is inevitably reserved for the British officer and even more for his 'memsahib', but here also there is discrimination, with entertainment; for while the junior official's wife is dismissed as wholly antipathetic, the titled lady of the District Commissioner observes the Thackeray-Shaw tradition of Lady Kew and the aristocrat in *Captain Brassbound*, and though aloof and 'hostile' is redeemed by an agreeable pungency of manner and talk.

The political frustration and disappointment of the Jewish malcontents are lightly and subtly condoned by the three assumptions—long since discounted east of the Atlantic and outside Zion (though potently rankling within)—that the British, far from being (as the Arab and the outside world believe) the enablers of practical Zionism, 'are looking for an excuse to get rid of their obligations to us and to bury the idea of our National Home' . . . 'Chamberlain is selling out on us'; that British officers incite Arabs against Jews: 'Don't try telling me that poor Henderson is putting the Arabs against us because he is shy!'; and that Zionists alone should be credited with the regeneration of Palestine: 'They haven't robbed you of an inch of your land, but they have robbed you of your malaria and your trachoma and your septic child beds and your poverty.'

The local colour and atmosphere are almost faultless; but there are no 'priests' in Islam and, if Arabic names are to be used, the Damascus Gate of Jerusalem is Bab al-Amud rather than Bab al-Mandeb—which signifies the southern gateway to the Red Sea. Less trifling defects are the occasional lackings in the nicer reticences of writing—with consequent queasy reading; and, much graver, the attribution to the Arabs of a revolting outrage and to the Police of torture—both, to say the least of it, 'strange' to your reviewer.

This remarkable book can be recommended to the open-eyed reader provided he realises that its superb writing (in sharp contradiction to that of *The Yogi* and of *Darkness at Noon*) comes perilously near an apologia for what the sympathetic Anglo-American Committees described as 'a political fanaticism as self-sacrificing as it is pernicious', and the Prime Minister in the House of Commons as 'cold-blooded murder' of absolutely innocent and friendly British soldiers, policemen and civilians. Nor will he forget that it is owing to a British Declaration sponsored by the British Government and enforced by British bayonets, that a National Home approaching three quarters of a million Jews has already been established in Palestine.

RONALD STORRS

# CROSS-SECTION
## OF THE WORLD'S PRESS

### Dangers of 'Closed Shop'

. . . THE unions are trying to impose a new compulsion on the individual worker. They are quite frank about it; they say they 'cannot admit the claim that a workman ought to be free to join a union or not as he pleases.' This is very dangerous talk. It is an essential principle that compulsions limiting the individual's freedom or making him subject to taxation (for the subscription to a compulsory union is a tax) should not be imposed except by authority of the State. If such powers are ever delegated to private bodies, the State should satisfy itself of their constitution and methods of acting. It is true, as the unions urge, that individual freedom can be overruled by the needs of society, but it should only be overruled in cases of strict necessity, when no other ways of meeting the requirements of society present themselves. And what is so vitally necessary about one hundred per cent unionism or comprehensive trade associations? A closed shop would be convenient for those who run these organisations. But how is it necessary to the community at large? . . . Closed shops on both sides of industry do nothing to encourage a British Government to depart from democratic procedures and use its control over industry for party ends. But if any British Government were ever to form that intention, the existence of closed shops would make its task far easier. Basically, the T.U.C. and the F.B.I. are trying to get rid of the awkward non-conformist in their ranks. But the awkward non-conformist is an essential guarantee of political liberty.

Thirdly, there is the economic argument. There is an encouraging tendency, on all sides, to dwell upon the need not only for maximum production now but for the quickest possible increase in productivity hereafter. . . . Productivity depends on the willingness of industry—both sides of it—to adopt every device, however contrary it may be to hitherto accepted ideas, that promises to produce more goods for a given quantum of effort. Economic progress is almost inevitably disturbing, and it must therefore almost always be a minority movement. The T.U.C.-F.B.I. picture of progress is something like this: an idea is evolved at a research institute financed by a levy on the industry; it is then approved by a two-thirds vote of a committee of the trade association; adjustments of hours and wages are then negotiated with the Trade Union in order to ensure that no labour-saving device actually saves labour, and finally what is left of the new idea is adopted so gradually that no firm steals a march on any other. But most of the bright ideas that have revolutionised industry would have been considered lunatic or dangerous, or both together, by any two-thirds majority of any committee. If closed shops for all become the rule, the pace of British industry will be even further forced down to that of the slowest.

*Economist*

### Freedom of Opinion

AT a time when Burke was denouncing the French Revolution, Walpole advanced the opinion that 'no great country was ever saved by good men.' This philosophy we repudiate and, in so far as foreign policy is concerned, we agree to—indeed pride ourselves on—one important requirement: the means as well as the ends of our policy must pay a 'decent respect to the opinions of mankind.'

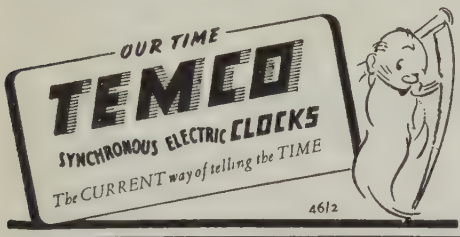
Present discontents in the international field (a euphemism for relations with Russia) derive in part from the fact that Russia seems to attach little importance to the opinions of mankind, and even to suggest that the opinions do not matter. In saying this, I am not unmindful of the jibe which has sometimes had a good basis in fact, that we are prone to judge what other states want in terms of our ideals and to weigh our own international desires and actions on the scales of expediency; that we think the acts of others are irrational, but see reasons for our own conduct which elsewhere is not regarded as rational. Present discontents do not result from that kind of muddled thinking. They are due to a fundamental cleavage.

Meanwhile, we must make our representative institutions more efficient for solving grave economic problems. Here as everywhere the architectonic freedom is freedom of speech. Hungry men cannot eat it; but only through knowing and uttering can men achieve freedom from want, and at the same time remain free.

*Foreign Affairs*

## Grandpa's time...

winding and checking the clocks was then a serious ritual. To-day, it is much easier; you merely connect TEMCO Electric Clocks to the mains—so simple, so accurate.

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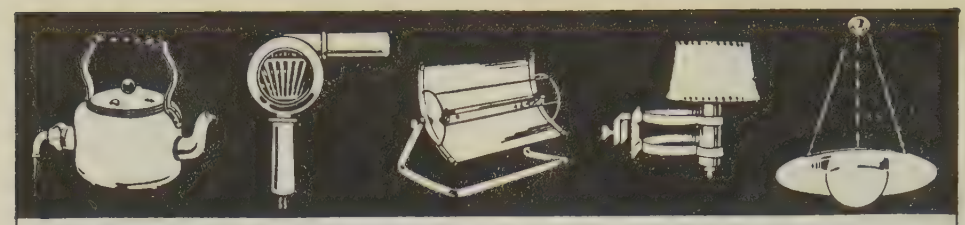

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|---|---|
| Additional Import Duties (No. 3) Order | 1637 |
| Bedding (Manufacture and Supply) (Consolidation) Directions | 1622 |
| Chocolate, Sugar Confectionery and Cocoa Products Order | 1639 |
| Cloth and Household Textiles (Utility) (Maximum Prices) (No. 7) Order | 1623 |
| Control of Fuel (No. 3) Order | 1646 |
| Control of Fuel (Restriction of Heating) Order | 1645 |
| Control of Penicillin (No. 2) Order | 1657 |
| East Sussex Town and Country Planning (Special Interim Development) Order | 1638 |
| Fats, Cheese and Tea Order: amending the Fats, Cheese and Tea (Rationing) (No. 2) Order, 1946 | 1632 |
| Fish Order: amending the Fish (Control and Maximum Prices) Order, 1946 | 1642 |
| Food Order: amending the Food (Points Rationing) Order, 1946 | 1644 |
| Food Rationing (Personal Points) Order: amending the Rationing (Personal Points) Order, 1946 | 1631 |
| Hollow-ware Wages Council (Great Britain) Wages Regulation (No. 2) Order | 1616 |
| Joint Electricity Authorities (Borrowing Power) Regulations | 1652 |
| Knitting Pins (Maximum Prices) Order | 1619 |
| Matrimonial Causes (Special Commission) Order | 1636/L.19 |
| Mountain Ash and Rhondda Town and Country Planning (Special Interim Development) Order | 1629 |
| Oswestry Gas (Capital and Borrowing Powers) Order | 1647 |
| Paper Box Wages Council (Great Britain) Wages Regulation (Holidays) Order | 1635 |
| Paper Box Wages Council (Great Britain) Wages Regulation Order | 16— |

*Law Journal*

**Production Dept.**

A Capetown manufacturer announces that his wife is expecting her thirtieth baby.

Asked last night what he thought about the modern tendency towards smaller families, he replied, 'I think people spend too much time in cinemas.'

*Daily Mirror*

**Priestley—Post-Election Postscript**

'We are not being handled with any imagination and psychological insight. When we have to do without so much, are taxed so heavily, are still so restricted in our lives, we need more than routine "pep talks" from tired politicians to inspire us to make further efforts. . . . A Civil Service more pedantic and inelastic than ever, even less inclined to make any exceptions, does not arouse our enthusiasm.'

J. B. Priestley in the *Sunday Pictorial*

**Tories Supply Evidence**

After a year of peace there are still close on 300 State officials who have power, without consulting Parliament, to issue orders which affect the lives of all citizens. During the first eleven months of power of the Socialist Government over 1,700 orders were issued. Judges have more than once protested at the nature of some of these orders, and at the powers exercised by certain officials.

* * *

Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, speaking in the House of Commons on the procedure to get permission for an extension to a factory, said that after a Government Department has been persuaded to sponsor the project, the Ministry of Supply comes into it, then the regional controller, the Board of Trade, the Ministry of Town and Country Planning, and perhaps the Ministry of Transport and the Ministry of Agriculture; then enters the controller of Building Contracts in the Ministry of Supply, also the Ministry of Works. After that, said Mr. Lyttelton, 'if the original applicants are still alive, they will be issued with a building licence.'

*Conservative Weekly News Letter*

**Reassurance**

From the introduction of the 190-page report produced by the Board of Trade's Working Party on Boots and Shoes:

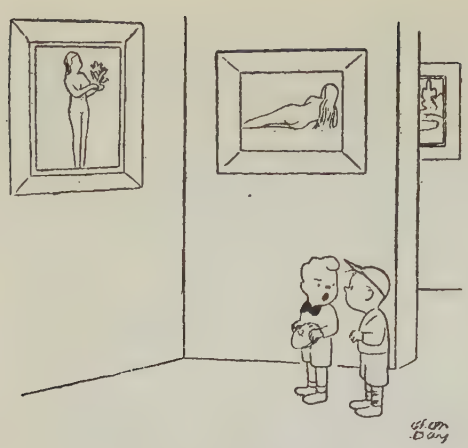
'The main material used in boots and shoes is leather.'

Peterborough in *Daily Telegraph*

**Pepper!**

Senator Pepper says President Truman is a reactionary. Unfortunately, however, he fails to say which day he refers to.

*St. Louis Post Dispatch*



'Take off your hat!'

COLLIER'S

### Why Drink?

WHAT makes a man an alcoholic? Alcoholism, answer psychiatrists, is a symptom of mental disease, and thus chronic drinking in many cases may be as unavoidable and blameless as catching a cold. But last week a Pennsylvania court, in a case involving alcoholism, contradicted the psychiatrists' view, argued that a man can avoid becoming an alcoholic if he wants to.

Allen G. Lynch, 43, a Pittsburgh lawyer, drank himself out of his practice. After several hospital attempts at a cure failed, he wound up in helpless seclusion on a friend's farm. His estranged wife sued the Mutual Life Insurance Co. for benefits under his disability policies. Said Judge Claude T. Reno, of the state superior court, in rejecting the claim:

'Man drinks because he desires, intends, wills to experience the effects of drink. . . . Conceding that men do not deliberately intend to become chronic alcoholics, what shall be said of a man who, knowing the ultimate results, seeks the accumulative effects which liquor produces? If a sane man chooses to loose destructive forces upon himself, the law will not relieve him from his folly.'

Sighed Dr. Robert Felix, chief of the U.S. Public Health Service's mental hygiene division: 'A most sad and unfortunate decision. If this philosophy were adopted in cases of chronic alcoholism, it would set psychiatry as well as medicine back a generation.'

*Time*

### Americans do not Vote

IF, as has been said, a nation in the long run gets the system of government it deserves, it is high time we in the United States began to worry about how long we will keep our present system of freely elected popular government.

On the record there is considerable doubt whether as a people we deserve the right to vote. Indeed, the contrast in this country between our assertions of belief in the democratic process and our neglect of its most essential function—the ballot—is striking.

It is a rare election in the United States where the number of potential voters who fail to vote is not greater than the majority by which the election is won. Sometimes the result is dramatic, as in 1916 when the Hughes-Wilson contest was decided by a few thousand votes in California.

In 1940 there were 80,000,000 potential voters, of whom 49,800,000 voted and 30,200,000 did not. Since Roosevelt's total popular majority was only five million, it is apparent that the non-voting millions were potentially decisive. In 1944, of the 88,000,000 persons eligible to vote, nearly 40,000,000 failed to do so.

An interesting compilation by Dr. Gallup indicates that our record as voters in the United States compares unfavourably with that of other democratic countries. Recent elections and referenda in France, Great Britain and Canada brought out voters as follows:

France, 20,000,000 out of 25,000,000, or 80 per cent; Great Britain, 25,000,000 out of 33,000,000, or 76 per cent; Canada, 5,000,000 out of 7,000,000 or something more than 70 per cent. This compares with the United States record of 55 per cent in 1944 and 33 per cent in 1942.

The effect of this inertia upon our public life is immense. It is largely responsible, for example, for the effectiveness of pressure groups — one of the greatest threats to political democracy in this country.

We, the unorganised people, are frequently disillusioned when our representatives yield to the demands of such groups. But we fail to do the one thing in our power to fortify their resistance, which is to vote.

Freedom was born in the hearts and minds of men who valued it above all things material, in some instances even above life itself. We in the United States will keep it only if we so value it. That is something it would be well for us to remember each year as election day rolls around.

*New York Herald Tribune*

*"In the present state of medical knowledge..."*

Whatever imperfections may have marred the Golden Age which philosophers and poets have delighted to imagine, nerve strain was not one of them. Nerve strain is a product of our modern civilization, and it has never been more widely prevalent than it is to-day. "In the present state of medical knowledge", say the doctors "we have no more certain means of alleviating this strain than organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination". That is why they are prescribing 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for it is only in the form of 'Sanatogen' that these two essential nerve foods can be fully absorbed and assimilated. If you are feeling over-tired, run-down, on edge—ask your chemist if he has a tin of 'Sanatogen'.

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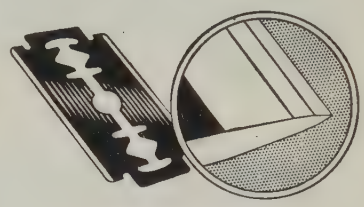

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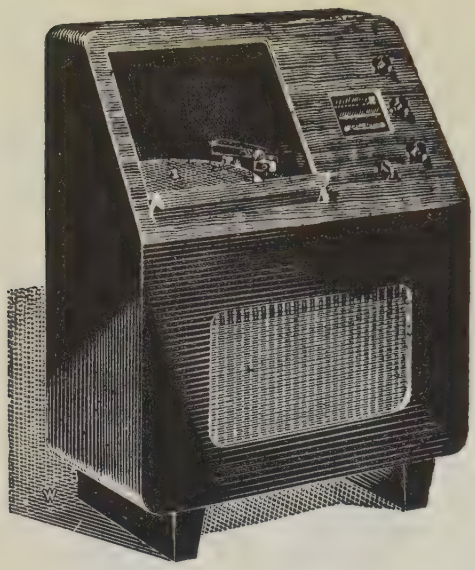

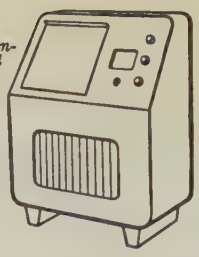

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### Continuity in Russian History

In Soviet Russia expansion is covered by the formula: 'Proletarians of the world, unite!' under the guidance of Moscow. As a preliminary step in this last war the Pan-Slav idea was revived and proclaimed as official Soviet policy. The Slav peoples of the Balkans were taken under the 'protection of Soviet Russia' and reshaped by sovietisation. The Comintern was officially disbanded, but the same day the Pan-Slav Congress as a permanent body with its site in Moscow was formed and many members of the Comintern became members of the Congress. The Patriarchal See was restored by Stalin, and in all Russian Churches of the official creed he was proclaimed and prayed for as 'God-Anointed Leader'. The Holy Russian mission was resumed in the Balkans and the question of Constantinople. The Red Armies received the outer form or offices of a Tsarist National Army. The golden stripe of the Tsarist Army reappeared on the uniforms of the Russian armies 'liberating the Slav brothers' in the Balkans. Demands to have Constantinople under the control of Russia were renewed. Officers received, as under the Tsars, the right to have batmen and decorations bearing the names of Tsarist Generals such as Kutuzov, Souvorov and St. Alexander Nevsky. Thus the double-faced Janus, the Comintern, turned its Pan-Slav face to Europe and especially to the Balkans. The Tsarist expansionist methods in Poland, the Baltic States, the Balkans, in Persia, in the Far East were revived by the Soviets.

*Contemporary Review*

### Light Programme

The Editor of *Radio Who's Who*, sorting out material for potted biographies, found occasional errors such as these: one croonette stated she 'sins regularly with Geraldo's band', while a clergyman confessed that he had 'given talks on the Home and Tight programme.'

Argus in *World's Press News*

### Vice Versa

Beaverbrook adds not a bit to Low's reputation by employing him. The credit is quite the other way round.

*New York Times*

### Life in a Phone Booth

What's more tedious than waiting outside the phone booth until the occupant and his family of five find a larger house?

*Detroit News*

### First Things First

An advertisement displayed in the window of a newsagent's shop in Kensington this week offers a publishing business in return for living accommodation.

*Bookseller*

### Three Worlds?

In the outer world the return of the United States to a policy of essential *laissez-faire* will accentuate the differences, already quite clearly visible, among the Western powers. Britain, France and Western Europe cannot and will not follow us on the social and economic course we are taking. This is sure to be reflected in their diplomacy, and in our own.

The world will not divide into two blocks but into at least three—the Soviet, the West European socialist, and our own *laissez-faire* capitalist. The interaction of these systems and régimes will be infinitely more complicated than any one is as yet able to understand clearly enough to foresee the outcome.

*New York Tribune*

### Humanism Returns

From England, where a mainly anti-Socialist electorate has voted a Labour government into embarrassing power, all the way down south to Italy, where Socialist freethinkers find themselves in profound and deep-rooted agreement with the Church, Europeans are rediscovering what they had forgotten in generations of 'ideological' violence: that little things and small gestures are more important than big cravings and tall ideologies. And this new preference for the reasonable and livable compromise might be the real European revolution—one of greater moment, smaller risks, and far more hopeful portents than the predicted one that miscarried. . . .

In short, Communism (i.e., Communism as an indigenous growth of protest within an irritated society) is licked in Europe. And the force that licked it is, of course, Soviet Russia. In the east the job was done by Russia's occupation armies, in the west by its commandos, the Communist parties. A Russian soldier who covets the riches of a Rumanian peasant makes poor propaganda for a régime that purportedly has abolished poverty; and French Communists who must find virtues in Russia's desire for 'a strong and unified Germany', or Italian Communists who must 'understand' Tito's claim to Trieste, are just that one fatal bit too silly. Communism in Europe has reached a state where it is still feared but no longer seriously discussed.

*Fortune*

### Science is Limited

If now it is clear to us that science cannot account for its own basic postulates (because after any explanation the question 'Why?' can always be asked once more), it is even clearer that it can never deal with the whole of reality. Auguste Comte's attempt to replace philosophy by science had to end in the dismal 'Religion of Humanity', to which no man of science or religion could assent. In the primarily scientific systems of modern theorists such as Julian Huxley, Samuel Alexander and A. N. Whitehead, the deity 'emerges' with obstinate inevitability. Indeed, for those of us who are neither scientists nor theologians, it is obvious that science cannot, of its very nature, account for all problems. In its own sphere, as we have seen, it depends at least implicitly on logically prior, extra-scientific assumptions; while outside it, it is incapable of replacing the religious, ethical and cultural values, to which it stands in the relation of an instrument to its object. If we forget this, science will impartially yield itself to exploitation by anyone who knows how to use it for any ends whatsoever.

*Humanitas*

### How to be a Journalist

A knowledge of human nature (*psychology*);

Acquaintance with the material factors affecting it (*economics*);

Knowledge of man's development, especially in our own generation and that immediately before it (*modern history*);

The ability to express oneself clearly in good plain *English*;

An understanding of the different ways in which the written word can be presented in print (*typography*).

'No Education for the Educators'
*Persuasion*

### Abuse of Journalism

There are three major crimes which the writer can commit against the right of intellectual freedom: first, dogmatic statement without factual authentication; second, distortion or misrepresentation of factual evidence; third, specious argument drawn from unauthenticated fact or false implication by subtle arrangement of exceptional fact.

*Polemic*

### Does it Pay to be Small?

As usual, the small nations show most sense and the greatest success. Sweden's and Switzerland's fairy-tale wealth could be explained as the unmerited profit of neutrality—if it were not for the fact that Norway, Denmark, the Netherlands, and Belgium are returning almost as fast to the bliss of pleasant normalcy. True, Copenhagen is short on soap and cigarettes, the Norwegians would not have much sea-borne commerce to carry even if they had already recovered their sacrificed merchant marine, the Belgians are nostalgic for more tangible pre-war niceties than just King Leopold, the Dutch could use better clothing and brighter trade prospects. But the telling point remains that Western Europe's small nations, profoundly civilised and habitually diligent, bounced back very much faster than the big ones. Their very smallness protects them against the big maladies—that hectic groping for ambitious panaceas, that preoccupation with face saving, 'prestige', and world-power schemes. All they can possibly do is to spit on their hands and go to work. That they have done again, and it makes their tightly coherent societies again uniquely livable, prosperous, and attractive.

* * *

France, in particular, is surely in dire need of industrial modernisation. But the French, who consummate their passions in other spheres of human intent, are constitutionally frigid in the matter of economics. Just as ready as any other people to break one another's skulls over differences of opinion, they consider it more logical, and more enjoyable, to disagree over the latest Picasso or the relative virtues of whole-wheat bread rather than over the theories of Keynes or Marx. Of course, since everybody else seems to have joined the parade, the French, too, not to look overly provincial and out of date, have paid a few polite compliments to the fashionable concept of nationalisation—and have stopped right there. When all was said and done (mainly said), that much-heralded post-liberation upsurge of French Socialism left four-fifths of France's industrial volume completely untouched—the presence of Communists in the government notwithstanding. And even that politely reserved nationalisation of plants (such as Renault's) was often dictated by criminal law rather than by that of history: there was no other way of penalising a few ugly cases of industrial collaboration with the enemy.

Throughout Western Europe there is little rapture over the charms of planned economy.

*Fortune*

For men about Christmas

pop into Austin Reed's

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# 'To Asswage Raging Pains'

¶ "*Take Aloes, Hermodactils and Scammony, of each half a dram; reduce them to subtil powder and make Pills thereof with Juice of Roses*" runs an old seventeenth-century prescription "to asswage the raging pains of gout and sciatica".

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¶ *But* — one word of warning — always remember that while 'Cogene' will relieve the pain, it cannot remove the *cause* of the pain: only a doctor or a dentist can do that. Supplies are limited, but your chemist will see you get *your* share. Price 1/1½d. a tube.

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IF you are one of the millions who suffer from colds during the winter, Serocalcin may help you. We do not claim definitely that it will, nor do we pretend that it is infallible. But many thousands of regular users find in Serocalcin the means of successfully preventing and treating colds—and so may you.

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**SEROCALCIN** *Regd.*

FOR THE PREVENTION & TREATMENT OF COLDS

# IT'S THE MOVEMENT THAT COUNTS

No. Five

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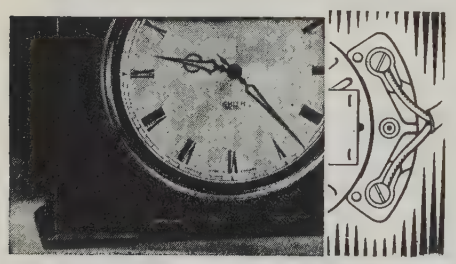

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### The Strength of Stupidity

It was always difficult to draw [Franco] into a discussion that involved the interplay of question and answer. It was even more difficult to penetrate the cotton-wool entanglements of his amazing complacency. In my first interview, for instance, I made a cautious reference to the economic needs of Spain. Although it was common knowledge that the country was on the verge of starvation, he brushed aside my remarks by declaring that Spain needed nothing from the British Empire, and that any imports that were required would come from North Africa. Such staggering complacency made any serious discussion impossible. . . .

Indeed, his complacency was almost overpowering. Here was the dictator of Spain, four hundred miles from his capital at a moment of European crisis, sitting in a comfortable smoking room, as ready to discuss the crops and the weather or the prospects of the shooting season in the same breath as the tremendous events taking place in the world, and all the time, self-possessed, complacent and seemingly confident of his own future. My strong words, so far from setting off explosions, fizzled out in cotton wool. Was it, I asked myself, worth protesting at all? . . .

The obvious rebuff to his advances that my words contained made not the least effect on the complacent Caudillo, nor upon the Minister for Foreign Affairs. Both seemed completely sure of the future. Both were evidently convinced that Great Britain needed Spain rather than Spain Great Britain. Both were affable to the point of effusiveness and seemed surprised when I politely refused to accept a high Spanish decoration. I came away with the feeling that, whatever may have been the result of my battles with the Germans, I had made no impression on the Caudillo's complacency. When my friends informed me that this was too pessimistic a conclusion, I told them that the only evidence that I could find to the contrary was that in my last interview the photographs of the Pope and President Carmona of Portugal had been substituted for those of Hitler and Mussolini in the place of honour on Franco's writing-table.

'Ambassador on Special Mission'
LORD TEMPLEWOOD

### Short (But Not Too Sweet)!

Would you please inform me whether Home Guard service counts in any way towards the calculating of Age and Service Groups?

W. Weatherby (Cpl.)

Answer: **No.** *Parade*

### Freedom of the Press

What is the purpose of the proposed inquiry? If it is to discover remedies for an alleged dictatorship over political opinions, the proposal rests, as Sir David Maxwell Fyfe insisted yesterday, on a wholly wrong premise, since no such dictatorship can exist while the present competition in news and views persists. If it is to undo the steady trend towards greater concentration, it should be plain from the start that, in this industry as in any other, no remedy can be conceived without introducing a degree of State control which, in this particular industry, would be intolerable. If it is to display a falling-away in certain of the standards and principles of performance which formerly prevailed in the British Press, the inquiry can show only what is evident. An investigation can do no harm. The story which it might put together of a vital industry during a period of almost revolutionary change could be both instructive and salutary. But the course of newspaper development must continue to depend on the good sense of newspaper readers, whose freedom of choice is the critical issue, and on the more or less enlightened self-interest of newspaper producers. *The Times*

### The Refugee Poles

The Trades Union Congress came badly out of the debate on Polish labour yesterday. It is lamentable to think that a large section of British Labour should be falling away from the liberal decencies that have always so honourably characterised it. The bitterness and violence with which the Poles were spoken of showed how sectarian political passion is destroying the sense of common humanity, to say nothing of common-sense economics. For this we have the wild partisans of the Left to blame. No one except the callously immoral would demand the shipping of every Pole to present-day Poland against his will. We have assumed obligations towards the Poles, who fought with us—most of them at a time when Russia was dividing their country with Hitler. Nobody likes the extravagant nationalism of General Anders and his friends; it is a disease. But the way to cure it is to absorb the decent Poles (and they are the majority) into British industry instead of segregating them in semi-military camps. We need their labour; they need the work. The business of trade unionists should be to see that labour standards are not undermined, not to practise political persecution. *Manchester Guardian*

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**Democracy in Japan?**

THOUGH the constitution provided for various governmental institutions, including a Cabinet and Parliament, they were all subject to the Emperor's will, or the will of those who managed to control the Emperor, on the theory that they were created only to 'assist the throne.'

In contrast, the new constitution, as amended by the Diet, makes this unequivocal declaration: 'We do proclaim that sovereignty rests in the people.' That is the first principle and primary basis of all democratic government. But to make certain that the old Shinto ideas of the earlier constitution about the divine prerogatives of the Emperor, already renounced by him, are formally repudiated by the people themselves, it adds that the Emperor 'derives his position from the sovereign will of the people in whom sovereignty rests.' From now on the Japanese people are masters of their own destiny within the limitations placed upon them by the victors, and from now on they are also responsible for the acts of their own government.

*New York Times*

**Fiction for Facts**

LAST week, having reported in some detail the hanging of Goering which did not take place, the morning and evening newspapers let themselves go in reporting the loss of the Windsor jewels, the value of which seems to have been elastic, according to the paper one read.

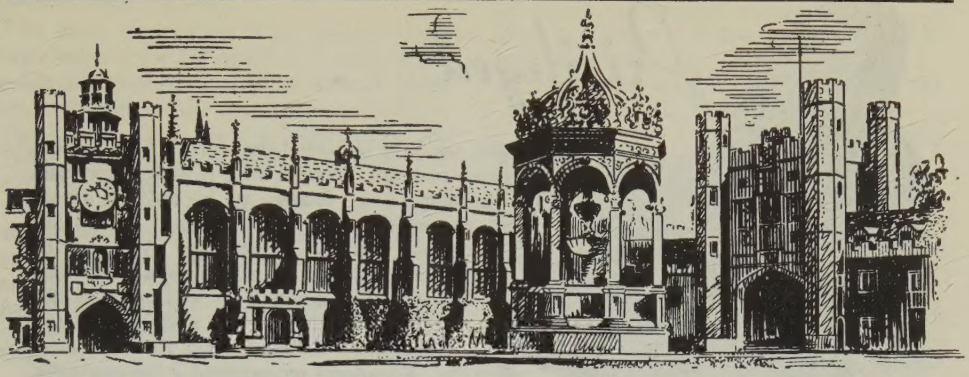
*Different Values*

'The *Evening News* gave the value at £250,000, while the *Daily Mail* next morning, not to be outdone, stated that they were worth "at least £500,000". The *Daily Express*, surprisingly enough, was content with £100,000, while the *News Chronicle* fixed the value at between £20,000 and £25,000.

'One report told of how the thieves had carelessly strewn about £50,000 worth of jewellery over the front lawn as they made their escape, another of how the valuables were carried off in a locked box.'

During the inter-war years there was a campaign for 'Truth in Advertising', and if the public is not to lose completely all faith in the accuracy of the Press, I suggest that a campaign for 'Truth in the News' is overdue.

*World's Press News*



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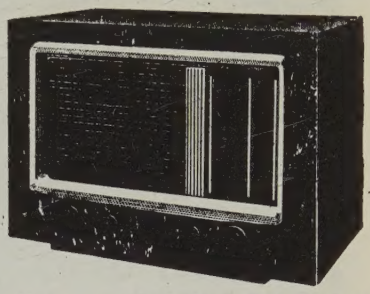

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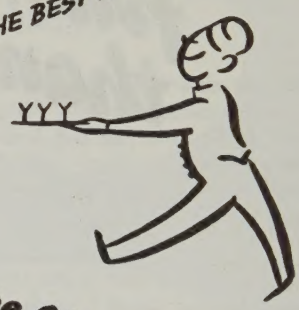


*so the CALL is for*

## GILBEY'S GIN

**Rhetoric seems to Pay?**

THE Berlin organisation of the Socialist Unity Party has some 110,000 members. It is the largest political Party of the city, with more than double the membership of the Social Democratic Party. The Socialist Unity Party is supported by the Trade Union Federation, with a membership of more than 300,000.

In its election manifesto the party proclaimed itself in favour of Germany's unity, and opposed to any separatist or federalist tendencies, or to any carving up of Germany into a multitude of Republican divisions incapable of independent existence and arbitrarily controlled by foreign States.

The manifesto demands the establishment of equal pay for equal work, the preparation of an outline plan for development of peacetime industry, the adoption of measures against speculators, bankers and stockbrokers, and the speediest restoration of Berlin.

The election manifestoes put forward by the other three parties contained many general rhetorical phrases. The true complexions of these parties were reflected, however, in speeches and declarations which slipped into the press.

*Soviet Weekly News*

**Freedom of Opinion**

BUT that, too, is only one aspect of democracy. You cannot have a really free election and a really free government unless there is freedom of expression and of criticism. Therefore those who are of the opinion that the elected government is doing the wrong thing must have the right to say so, to express their opinion freely even although their opinion is wrong.

What is happening in this press conference is an expression of democracy. You have a perfect right to cross-question me on all these matters without hesitation or restraint—so that what is right and true will emerge through question and answer.

It is absolutely essential to democracy that its rights should be enjoyed and exercised without fear and without favour. The citizen must be able to choose his government without intimidation by anybody. There can be no dictation and no dictatorship. Democracy means the duty 'to take it' as well as the right to 'dish it out.'

DR. EVATT in *Parade*

**Please Note!**

(1) FILM-ACTING bores me, but having a baby is fun.

*Film-star* DAPHNE CAMPBELL

(2) MILITARY hospital restrictions are to be lifted. No longer will patients be expected to lie at attention.

LT.-GENERAL SIR BRIAN HORROCKS
G.O.C.-in-C. Western Command

*World Press Review*

**Without Comment**

IT has been announced by Mosley Publications Ltd., of which Sir Oswald Mosley is chairman, that a monthly *Mosley News Letter* will start publication with a November-December issue. It will contain an article by Sir Oswald on 'The Menace of Russian Communism and the necessity to prevent it developing and using the atom bomb for world conquest.' The editor will be Mr. George J. Sutton.

It was also announced that the company was acquiring an interest in another publishing company which will produce a newspaper and journal of comment on current affairs so soon as production difficulties can be overcome.

*Newspaper World*

**Beauty and the Shirt!**

ONCE Clara Bow was the belle of the day. Once the aspidistra and the Albert Memorial were thought beautiful. But standards change with time and are different in different places.

Women's tiny feet that once enraptured the Chinese always seemed grotesque to Westerners. Few men would be proud to dine in Mayfair with a giraffe-necked woman, however glamorous she is thought in Africa. Venus de Milo walking in Regent Street might rouse only wonder that she does not reduce!

Yes, beauty *does* lie in the eye of the beholder. What a merciful provision of Nature! It ensures that however idiotic the style in millinery, men will find women attractive and a home worth the wear of winning.

And isn't there one thing sure about beauty? That whatever looks painful, looks ugly. A shrunk-up shirt that chokes its wearer can never add to his eye-appeal. Thank goodness there are 'Sanforized'-Shrunk shirts.

*Sodalis*

Advert. in *Manchester Guardian*

**Diaper Desperation**

THE desperate parent who drove off a diaper service truck in Memphis and later abandoned it less five dozen diapers, expresses my sentiments. After five months' futile search for diapers in every store in this town, I am ready to hijack the first diaper truck or wash line I find.

America is the land of plenty, but no pants for our future citizens.

DESPERATE GRANDMOTHER
in letter to *Post-Dispatch*

# CORRESPONDENCE

**Give up Palestine?**

SIR,

You say that you can think of no reason, other than the demands of imperial strategy, why we cannot hand over our mandate to the United Nations, and let them solve the problem. There is at least one very good reason—'UNO is still a weak vessel, so weak that Great Power unanimity—without which virtually no action is possible—is never attainable on the merits of a case.' (*Economist*, 7 Sept.)

It is the British Government which in all probability will have to make the final decision. Meanwhile, as you rightly remark, 'the British are there by virtue of a League of Nations mandate.'

I believe that, as long as these circumstances exist, the primary purpose of the mandate, viz., to promote the establishment of a Jewish National Home, ought to be carried out. Otherwise, as Mr. Churchill stated in the House of Commons recently, Britain's moral position in Palestine becomes weakened, 'our disinterestedness vitiated.' 'We can now be accused of having a national strategic motive for retaining our hold on Palestine,' he said.

Furthermore, while the Government continues to violate the mandate, as of course it is plainly doing, the Palestine Jews become more and more antagonised. BRIAN SANDELSON, Cambridge

**More Accuracy, please!**

SIR,

I consider your Cross-Section of the World's Press carefully edited. Indeed, many of the items have been picked for a similar purpose by the press of other countries. 'The Carrot and the Stick' is a case in point.

I must cross swords with two of your contributors. First, G. Gigantes, whom I presume is Greek, and thus has certain qualifications for writing about King George II of Greece. It is a pity that this does not prevent him from uttering veiled sneers against the principle of monarchy. I have lived in Greece and I know how seldom one can meet anyone (educated or not) who can speak or write about his country without personal bias and animosity. It may interest M. Gigantes to know that the real reason for the break-up of George's marriage to Princess Elizabeth was that this lady could not bear children, and that there was no question of either side having an *affaire* with a third party. It is unfair of your contributor to preface remarks defamatory to his subject by writing: 'It is said', as on the fourth line of p. 21, or 'His critics state', as on the twenty-fifth line of the last paragraph on p. 22. Unless *irrefutable* evidence is given, it is better to leave out this kind of gossip and tittle-tattle about 'considerable debts'. I think George will, having no heir, eventually abdicate in favour of his younger brother, Prince Paul.

The other contributor who has written factual untruths is Elma Dangerfield in 'Paris Portrait'. I do not know when this article was written, but it is certainly a lop-sided one in September 1946. The statement that 'there is a tragic dearth of young people in Paris today and I believe all over France' is simply a figment of the imagination. If by young people one means from one day to twenty years of age, then I don't know where this lady or gentleman spent his or her time on the flying visit—not in the parks and open spaces where they are to be found. Certainly they do not frequent night clubs. And 'scarcely a pregnant woman is seen in the streets' is really laughable! Since the French Government instituted its system of priorities for pregnancy, I have never seen so many apparently pregnant females in Paris! R. EMPSOM, Paris

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